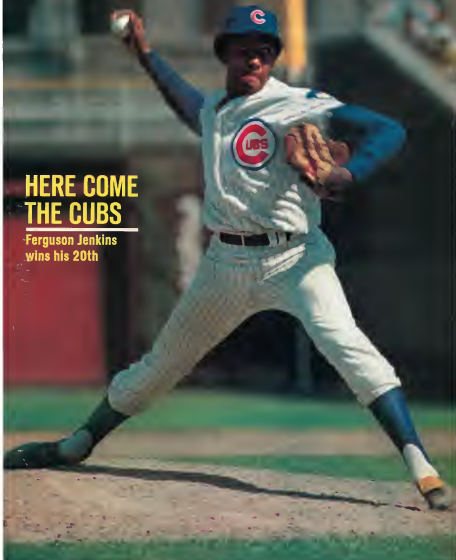


Sports Illustrated

August 16, 1971 \$1.00

HERE COME THE CUBS

Ferguson Jenkins
wins his 20th



In your wallet, you'll know it's right.



Green: 2-door Runabout. The two-door adds 100 lb. to give you a sporty little car. And it's got a lot of room for your stuff. Camo: 3-door Runabout. The two-door adds 100 lb. to give you a sporty little car.

Pinto standard equipment includes: 4-speed floor-mounted 5-speed 80-hp (175-hp) engine, rack and pinion steering, high-back bucket seats and over 30 Ford-designed safety features.

Here's the kind of value that'll give you a nice, satisfied feeling. The 2-door Pinto. Or new 3-door Pinto Runabout (left). Both are priced low like the small imports. And they averaged 25mpg in simulated city/suburban driving. But from there on in, Pinto is a lot more little car than the imports.

Pinto is a do-it-yourself car.

There are almost 40 jobs you can easily handle. Things like adding transmission fluid or changing the oil and oil filter. You can even do a simple tune-up—adjust the carburetor or replace spark plugs, condenser and distributor points if necessary.

You can pick up a do-it-yourself manual and tool kit when you pick up your Pinto. And get ready to save right away.

Pinto calls for far less scheduled maintenance than VW. One-half as many oil changes. One-sixth as many lube. The brakes are self-adjusting. So, here again you save.

Overall, Pinto is designed to last longer. It has strong, beefy parts like rustproof steel-alloy brake lines. And five main engine bearings—the leading import has only four.

Where do you go from here? To your Ford Dealer's end a test drive. Five minutes behind the wheel will tell you Pinto's right.

Pinto
Better idea for safety. Buckle up.

PINTO





Every day is Recycling Day in a steel mill.

Recycling is "old hat" to the steel industry. For the past 30 years, more than half the raw material used to make new steel has been old steel. Today's cans and cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products are made from steel recycled from yesterday's cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products—29,000,000 tons' worth last year alone.

What's new is the steel industry's program to help collect used cans—all kinds of cans—and to recycle all the steel cans it can get.



Tinplate Producers
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All three winners

broke all existing records.

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Contents

AUGUST 30, 1971 *Vibe* 35, No. 9

Cover photograph by John Laou

12 It's That Time Again

... when the National League suffers peasant fever. Temperatures are especially high in Chicago and California

18 Having a Ball in Havana

Washed by waves of hospitality and signs of hostility, the U.S. volleyball team bows to a feed-up band of Cubans

22 Swing Wide, Sweet Chariot

One de Mau, a 7-year-old mare, proves she's all that she used to be in the Roosevelt International Trot

24 Hot Wheels Italian Style

The names Ferrari, Lamborghini and Maserati grace the wheels and dashboards of the world's most elegant toys

30 'I'm Going to Punish Them'

Baltimore Tight End John Mackey, back from 1970 knee surgery and tough league negotiations, is hungry for revenge

47 Marty Just Might Be the Man

Strapping down, coming up stronger, a relative unknown named Reizen could be a factor at Forest Hills

56 A Clutch of Odd Birds

The Q-Roads was more than just a pool parlor. It was an institution of higher learning

The departments

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 10 Scorecard | 47 Tennis |
| 41 People | 53 Horse Racing |
| 42 Baseball | 74 For the Record |
| 44 Nature | 75 19th Hole |



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Credits on page 74

Next week

HEAD-TO-HEAD Competition returns to the professional golf tour after 14 years, in the U.S. Match Play Championships from Pinehurst, N.C. Dan Jenkins reports on the action.

WHAT GOES UP in the world of offshore racing always comes down, often with a colorful bounce. A portfolio of powerboats, with a portrait of the man who builds them.

HOOKED ON DOGS and loving every minute of it, greyhound fancier Michael Brennan examines the Irish penchant for all kinds of animals, and particularly for canines.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JORDAN, COME BACK LITTLE FASTBALL

What happens to fastball pitchers when their arms give out? Some, like Sandy Koufax, take up announcing. Others, like Jim Bouton, write bestsellers and take up announcing. And then there is writer Pat Jordan, the erstwhile McCook (Neb.) Flash, who seemed assured of a major league pitching career before his hummer started to make spitting noises. What he did was enter a poolroom—a side of his checkered career he describes starting on page 56.

Jordan's fondness for those pool-hustling days is obvious, as is his writing talent, but anyone who thinks Pat's heart is anywhere but up on the mound, leaning in for his sign with the count 3 and 2, is deceiving himself. Just as the aging actor longs for one more crack at Hamlet, Jordan still dreams of waking up one morning and finding he can smoke three in a row over the outside corner with the bases loaded and nobody out. When he retired from baseball in 1962, he took his old uniform ("No. 16, same as Whiney Ford") with him and has kept it packed away ever since. Frequently, in those early years, he used to pull it out and try it on in front of the mirror, in the seclusion of his basement. One imagines a couple of pantomime pitches, perhaps even a make-believe

inning or two against the murderers' row of the 1960 Canton (Iowa) White Sox, Jordan's former minor league nemesis.

Sometimes illusion becomes too strong to contain and begins crowding out reality. Earlier this year, while doing his touching story about life in the minor leagues (SH, June 14), Jordan was struck by the thought that just maybe he had the old stuff again. During a practice session with the Waterbury (Conn.) Pirates, he borrowed a glove, took the mound and cranked up "I threw some of my best stuff to Woody Huyke, the Waterbury catcher. I really felt good." Gaddis almost overcame him. His arm seemed smooth as warm oil; it was all there. Finally he decided to let go with his fastball.

The pitch was wide, forcing Huyke to reach out and spear it—bare-handed. He didn't blink an eye. "I was astounded," said Jordan, who decided on the spot to retire permanently.

Despite his decision and his abandonment of his old pool haunts, he still enjoys the company of baseball players and the challenge of a game of pool. A few weeks ago he got into a friendly match out in California with another fastballer who lost his stuff, Bo Belinsky. The scene was Hugh Hefner's new West Coast pad, and at one point Belinsky bounced the cue ball off the table and under a Hefner divan. There were several moments of confused scrambling around on all fours by the two ex-hustlers before one of them finally managed to latch onto the ball.

The scene is reassuring to those of us who have tried pool and found ourselves wanting. A game that can bring a couple of hustlers like Jordan and Belinsky to their knees can't be all bad.

Dick Munro

Sports Illustrated

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Or an AM/FM/FM stereo radio with an illuminated tuning dial and separate bass, treble, volume and balance controls. So you can adjust the sound exactly the way you want it.

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RCA

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100% Solid State AccuColor



"The silver glint of Bach's trumpets...the brittle twang of Couperin's harpsichords...the

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Among the orchestras are: The Bath Festival Orchestra; Yehudi Menuhin conducting; The Philadelphia Orchestra; and Chorus, Otto Klemperer conducting; The Moscow Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Rimoldi Barsbi; The Virtuosi di Roma, conducted by Renato Fasano. And the featured soloists include, among others: Victoria de los Angeles; Nicola Gedda; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Elisabeth Shtekarski.

Music authority Frederic V. Coenfeld has written the companion book. It includes full-color reproductions of paintings by Rubens, Velasquez, Caravaggio, Vermeer, Hogarth, and photographs of art objects; Baroque churches and palaces; specially commissioned discants and charts; an incomparable four-page section on the musical instruments of the age.

"The Baroque Era" also contains a delightful three-part dividend: a monograph on music's role in Western civilization by Henry Antoine Chausse; monograph editor of *Time* magazine; a fascinating essay by the eminent cultural historian Jacques Barzun on "The Art and Pasture of Literature" plus a useful guide, "Getting the Most Out of High Fidelity." A *Listener's Guide* is also included.

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You'll find yourself understanding the delightful intricacies of great ensemble playing in the heady counterpoint of harpsichords, flutes, oboes and cellos. In the welter of exciting rhythms, you'll even be able to detect toe-tapping syncopations that seem to herald much of what you hear in the music of today!

A Magnificent Age

In the pages of the book that accompanies "The Baroque Era," you will relive the era of splendid pageantry and pomp that was the Baroque. You'll share the pleasures of an age when kings and queens had their own court musicians and composers to create diverting music for great balls and intimate drawing-room parties—when grand concerts in the elegant opera houses of London, Paris and Vienna drew glittering audiences of lords and ladies.

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You are welcome to enjoy "The Baroque Era"—the four stereo records, the illustrated book and the valuable *Listener's Guide*—in your own home for 10

days free. If for any reason whatever during that time you decide you do not wish to keep the volume, simply return it and that will end the matter.

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"The Baroque Era" is not available in stores anywhere, at any price. What's more, the four superb records, while recorded in stereo, can also be played with full enjoyment on modern monaural record players.

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"The Baroque Era" is the introductory volume of *The Story of Great Music*, a unique series created by Time-Life Records to heighten the enjoyment of fine music. The series embraces almost six centuries of great music, from the Renaissance to the Romantic Era, the Age of Revolution and the Music of Today. It includes volumes devoted to the Spanish Style, Slavic Traditions and the Age of Elegance, among others.

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

A HORSE OF ANOTHER DOLLAR

The sporting effects of President Nixon's wage-price freeze and floating dollar have reached all the way to New Zealand, to say nothing of the block thrown on players and owners in America's professional leagues.

Consider the case of Alan J. Leavitt, whose burning desire was to own an 8-year-old pacer named James. From his lavishly appointed apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue, Leavitt put through a telephone call to Ashburton, New Zealand, where James was up for auction. There Leavitt's agents relayed his bids to the auctioneer. At \$18,000 New Zealand (at the time \$16,071.43 U.S.), he got his horse, one which had gone the mile in 1:59 1/2. But Leavitt won't know what James cost him until he learns what the devaluation rate will be—anywhere from 8% to, at the very worst, 15%. He figures the gelding might cost him as much as \$30,000 U.S., including freight, duty, insurance and devaluation. Not to mention phone bills.

Then there is the syndicate of American breeders who bought, for about \$2 million, the 10-year-old chestnut stallion Le Fabuleux, winner of the 1964 French Derby and sire of an extraordinary list of foremost French horses. The plan is for him to stand at stud at the Claiborne Farm in Lexington, Ky.

But the new owners were not bothered by the new 10% import charge. There never has been an import tax on breeding stock, else they would have had to lay out another \$200,000.

The wage-price freeze has the National Hockey League in a curious position, since most of its players and three of its 14 teams (Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver) are Canadian. It would seem obvious that players on the three teams are exempt from the freeze, but what about the rest—including ones like Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito, who are clearly deserving of wage boosts?

As of now the NHL players are continuing their annual salary negotiations

as though the U.S. wage freeze never had been announced. Clarence Campbell, league president, and Alan Eagleson, executive director of the NHL Players Association, have agreed that that is the only sensible approach until it is learned, at some time or other, what exemptions, if any, professional sports will get from the freeze.

Most speculation has been to the effect that athletes who signed their contracts before Aug. 15, when the freeze was announced, would get raises, and the others would have to be paid under 1970 provisions. There is also talk of giving retroactive raises—retroactive from the date the freeze is lifted to the date of signing.

But Don Devine, coach of the Green Bay Packers, thinks it likely that all players without exception will be stuck with their 1970 salaries.

"The reason is that the new salaries being negotiated don't become operable until the first game, on Sept. 19," he explains. "They aren't getting paid at the new rate yet, and it seems to me that that might be an important point."

It was important for some 2.1 million teachers, whose contract year, in most cases, begins Sept. 1. In ruling on the teachers, the Cost of Living Council said firmly: "If the contract period started before Aug. 15, the salary increase may be granted. If the contract period starts after Aug. 15, the increase is not allowed."

That definition would seem to fit professional football players, too.

And Vida Blue, struggling along on about \$13,600 a year.

DON CAMILLO RIDES AGAIN

In the Italian town of Ferrere, famed for its sparkling *aperitivo*, the parish priest, Don Erardo Armosino, 51, and Leopoldo Trichero, 42, an official of the carpenters' union, have long been political antagonists.

But, since they are Italians, political differences have not meant that they

could not sit late into the night in warm discussion. Two months ago they were done arguing for the evening when the priest challenged the carpenter to a bicycle race. The loser would keep his mouth shut about politics for a whole year.

Both trained hard, and last week the race was held, over a 3.6-mile course. It had been agreed that, because of the age differential, Don Armosino would be given a head start of 1,500 meters, almost a mile.

All but one of Ferrere's 1,316 citizens turned out for the race. The carpenter appeared togged out in professional cyclist gear. The priest, two hours late because he had to ring the church bells, wore black slacks, a checkered sports shirt and sandals.

Don Armosino crossed the finish line two minutes ahead of Trichero and was carried away in triumph on the shoulders of his parishioners.

Trichero was a good loser.

"It will hurt not talking politics," he said, "but a promise is a promise."

The lone person in the village who did not watch the race was the priest's 82-year-old mother, who locked herself in the parish house to pray for her son. "He'd never ridden a bicycle," she explained. "I was afraid he'd break his collar bone."

RUPP ON RUPP

Approaching his 70th birthday (on Sept. 2), Adolph Rupp, basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, remains pretty much the same old deservedly self-appreciative fellow of a quarter of a century ago who, when asked the reason for the Wildcats' success, replied, "Good coaching."

Now he has some ideas on the reasons for the comparatively poor showing of the U.S. basketball team in the recent Pan-Am Games:

1. It is impossible to get a team ready to adapt to international rules in three weeks.

2. While the Pan-Am Games were going on, some American basketball players were taking part in tournaments in other parts of the world, which diluted the U.S. team.

3. The professionals had signed most of the outstanding players.

4. Many American coaches have been asked to coach South American teams for the Olympics and other similar

events, and many of them have accepted. "I have not, however," Rupp said. Then, reverting to his old braggadocio, he added: "They're using my hooks, and I think that's enough."

TRY A TANK, ARMY

After some lean years, culminating in last season's 2-9 record, Navy has begun to be serious about its football recruiting program.

So the other day Navy's "bird dog" in Fort Lauderdale rounded up 15 high school coaches and took them for a ride in a nuclear submarine. He grouped them in the officers' wardroom when the sub reached a depth of 120 feet and started out with: "Before we tour the sub, gentlemen, I'd like to tell you a little something about Navy's football program."

It's what is generally known as a captive audience.

POLLUTION CAN BE FUN

A think-tank company which brought out games like Smog and Dirty Water last Christmas, Urban Systems, Inc. of Cambridge, Mass., has now developed



some adult chemistry sets, including two which can help you to realize, if you would like to, how environmentally awful things really are.

One of the kits is called Can I Drink the Water? And the other, naturally, is Can I Breathe the Air? Both contain fascinating little vials, bottles, droppers and fluids. Following directions, you can check your environment wherever you are.

THE PATIENT'S UP TO PAR

Just 10 days after his appendectomy, Lee Trevino was back on the golf course, not just putting, as his doctors had predicted, but fit enough to shoot a sub-par 18 holes at El Paso Country Club. Lee joined a foursome, walked all 18 holes and shot a 70, only one stroke above the April round in which he won the New Mexico PGA.

Encouraged, he has now moved up the date for his return to the professional tour by a week. He will play in the Hartford Open in Wethersfield, Conn. Sept. 3-6.

It looks as if Lee meant it when, after the operation, he said, "Those other guys better watch out. I've felt a pain in my side for about two years. Now that I've got rid of it, I think how I'm going to hit that ball."

NAME PLAN

It used to be that Grambling College, alma mater of many a topnotch football player, was grandly known as Louisiana Negro Normal and Industrial Institute. Football, says Coach Eddie Robinson with a straight face, was responsible for changing the name.

One night, as he tells it, LNNII was playing another school, and the opponents ran the ball downfield close to the goal.

"Before our cheerleaders could say 'Louisiana Negro Normal and Industrial Institute, hold that line,' the other team had scored.

"Our president [Dr. R.W.E. Jones] then went down to Baton Rouge and got them to change the name to something shorter."

PALE HORSES

There is an old political saying in New Mexico that the ghosts are locked out of the graveyards on Halloween and not allowed to return home until they have voted in the November elections. Now, it appears, the spooks have had a few ghost horses to ride.

This month's mass campaign to vaccinate horses against a new strain of sleeping sickness (SI, Aug. 16) encouraged New Mexico horsemen to bring more than 75,000 of their animals to the free clinics.

Which was all right except that the state's chief tax assessor noted that only

24,245 of the horses have appeared on the tax rolls.

The horses got the needle. The owners will feel the pain later this year.

THE SPORTING CON

As the car sped down Chicago's Michigan Avenue in the predawn hours, 20 police cars gave chase. One caught up with the speeder and forced him to stop.

The driver got out of his car and advanced on the cop with a warm smile and hand outstretched for a congratulatory shake.

"I used to be a stock-car driver," he said, "and after all the police chases I've been involved in, you were the only one who could catch me."

He turned out to be Edward Smith, 24, a fugitive from the Illinois State Penitentiary, where he had been serving nine to 15 years for aggravated kidnapping, rape and armed robbery. The car was stolen.

A MATTER OF CHOICE

Rather than have their sons follow their footsteps into the coal mines, fathers used to be happy to see their football-playing offspring go away to college.

Something quite like that happened to the Kuechenberg brothers—Bob, a Miami Dolphin guard, and Rudy, a Green Bay Packer linebacker.

"Our father was a human cannonball who used to go around to country fairs and rodeos being shot out of a cannon," explained Bob, who went to Notre Dame. "Usually, to make it more exciting, they'd shoot him over something, like one of the carnival rides. He always used to say, 'Go to college or be a cannonball.'"

THEY SAID IT

• Lefty Gomez, Yankee pitcher from 1930 to 1942, explaining his fame to Babe Ruth Tournament kids: "I am the one that made Joe DiMaggio a famous outfielder. Every time I threw one, there went Joe with his back to the plate after another fly ball."

• Danny Murtaugh, Pittsburgh Pirate manager, after the team, once 11½ games ahead, lost four straight to the Cardinals and saw its lead cut to four games: "One of the funny things about us Irish is we always wait until the patient is dead before we have a wake. If you think the Pirates are dead, you're in for a rude awakening." **END**

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN

Right on schedule, pennant madness has struck the National League where Pittsburgh and San Francisco fans are in agony watching the Cubs, Cards and Dodgers threaten once-comfortable leads **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

It was all wrong somehow, completely out of character. There were the Pirates and the Giants, well out ahead and comfortably in control and with nothing to do but keep winning and counting the days until they would get together to see who would play the Baltimore Orioles or the Vida Blues. But what everyone forgot was that this was the National League. And suddenly it reverted to lunacy. Long gone are Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds and Forbes Field and Sportsman's Park, but midsummer madness is still the province of the National League.

First, the Dodgers closed in on the Giants. Really nothing so unusual about that; the Dodgers are always closing in on the Giants when it isn't the Giants closing in on the Dodgers. But over in the Eastern Division where St. Louis had come awake while the Pirates were threatening to collapse into the Monongahela, the big team was suddenly neither the Pirates nor the Cardinals but the Chicago Cubs.

The Cubs? Aren't those the guys who spend the balmy days of August and September leaning against the ivy-covered walls of Wrigley Field, only occasionally bestirring themselves to help Ferguson Jenkins (see cover) on his way to another 20-victory year? Well, in this case they seemed to be bestirring themselves often enough to go in lively, happy pursuit of a pennant that has eluded them for more than a quarter of a century, but never more exasperatingly than during the past few seasons. Once, only two years ago, they almost had it won, only to blow an 8½-game lead and leave Manager Leo Durocher feeling like a man trying to catch jellyfish with a wooden spoon.

What makes the Cubs' performance all the more surprising is what has happened to the Pirates, who at one point were so far ahead that the only real excitement in Pittsburgh—after Willie Stargell hit another homer—was visiting the Mellon Bank to see if the division tale already had been deposited there. As late as the end of July the Cubs were 11½ games behind Pittsburgh, but then things began to go sour for the Pirates. They didn't hit, they didn't pitch and they didn't feel well. Roberto Clemente was aching again, which usually precedes wondrous things, but this time nothing happened when Roberto said, "Ah."

By the second week in August, Chicago had drawn to within seven games of the Pirates, who next lost a four-game series to St. Louis, putting the Cardinals solidly in the race. Pittsburgh's most frustrating game, however, may have been the one just last Saturday against Cincinnati. Three times Pirate runners were thrown out at the plate, and those three unscored runs were the margin of the Reds' eventual victory. By Sunday, Chicago was 4½ games behind Pittsburgh but down only three games in the loss column. And the Cubs suddenly appeared masters of their own destiny. Following a lengthy stay at home, in September they get to play the Pirates and the Cardinals in 11 consecutive games.

So the long, bad trip is ending with the North Side of Chicago drugged by pennant fever and hallucinating about baseball games in October. And this time the dreams have happy endings, unlike the nightmare of 1969. Jenkins swears nothing of the sort will happen this season. "We're hungrier now," he said the

other day, "and we aren't going to tire in the stretch."

If staying in hall games is the way to keep refreshed, then Jenkins has a point. The Cub pitching staff already has an amazing total of 61 complete games. Last Friday, opening the team's long home stand, Jenkins started his 30th game. He also finished for the 24th time this season, prompting one person to wonder whether Jenkins was running a campaign to put relief pitchers on welfare. Not really. He merely is enjoying his best season in baseball.

After a shaky start in which he gave up two runs in the first inning, Jenkins shut out the Astros for the rest of the game. He won 3-2 to become the first 20-game winner in the league. He also became the first pitcher to win 20 games five seasons in a row since Warren Spahn accomplished the feat during 1956-60. Robin Roberts was the last righthander to win 20 or more for five straight seasons, from 1950-54 (like Spahn, Roberts went on to make it six years in a row). But for the purpose of proper historical reference, Cub fans must go back to 1906-11 and Mordecai (Three Finger) Brown. Billy Williams, the team's sometime cleanup hitter who only now is beginning to sometimes clean up the way he did in 1970, remembered Mordecai—or somebody like him. "You're going after the club record of Medicare Brown," he told Jenkins. "Mordecai," said Jenkins. "Medecar!"

In a more sensitive clubhouse, Williams' gag might have been cause for a

encouraged

As quick in the field as at bat, top Cub hitter Glenn Beckert forces Astros' Bob Watson





Cubs' Leo Durocher points for a pennant

Cards' chase is led by Torre and Gibson.



TIME AGAIN continued

brawl since the Cubs have their geriatric set. Jenkins, at 27, is a youth among the regulars. Ernie Banks, who remains the best loved of all, is 40. Last week kids tramped through the ball park with a sign that said, WIN A PENNANT FOR ERNIE BANKS. Banks had been to but only 60 times during the year and it was obvious he was not going to win a pennant by himself. Ron Santo is 31 and is not having a good year. Williams, 33, has been erratic. Jim Hickman is old enough (34) to have bleeding ulcers, and Randy Hundley, 29, is shelved again with a knee injury. When two of the team's kids, Don Kessinger and Glenn Beckert, were recently announced as having appeared in their 1,000th game as Cubs, the fact brought first applause and then a buzz of conjecture. Was this team going to die of old age before it won a pennant?

Actually the Cubs' big problem has had more to do with base hits than baseball age. Beckert has been batting around .350 all season, and Joe Peptonne has been above .300 most of it. John Callison occasionally wins a game with a timely hit.

But Chicago has failed miserably to hit consistently as a team. Santo's RBI total is below his normal pace of more than 100 and although banners are paraded around the park saying things like MY GRANDMA LUVS JOE PEPTONE, Joe has only 55 RBIs and his swing has been affected by a sore elbow that placed him on the disabled list for a while in May. But perhaps the most important factor in the lack of scoring is that without Hickman in the lineup Chicago must play an outfield of left-handed batters plus a left-handed-hitting first baseman, Peptonne, in the kind of ball park that has always been a paradise for right-handed power.

So why do Chicago fans think the Cubs will win this time around? First, because they just know the Cubs will not continue not to hit. Then, Owner Phil Wrigley and Manager Leo Durocher—all people—are becoming strong sentimental favorites to win something for a change, Wrigley because he has been so good to baseball, Durocher because baseball has not been very good to him since, 20 years ago, he led the Giants from 13½ games behind in August to the pennant in September.

Of course, Chicago has always been fond of Phil Wrigley. Durocher, by con-

trast, sometimes makes Mayor Richard Daley look like Little Bo-peep. But Wrigley remembers how things were before Durocher came to Chicago, and as long as the aging Cubs can still race after the pennant, he probably will run along with Leo.

Durocher, in turn, will stick to his team and to his pitchers—the people who are the third reason why the Cubs might win it all. The pitchers are Milt Pappas, who needs one win, his 16th, to equal his previous high, and Bill Hands and Ken Holtzman, who, if they have not done much of anything else, have at least appeared often. Then there is old Juan Pizarro who is pitching for Durocher like young Juan Pizarro. And, of course, Ferguson Jenkins.

On the mound Jenkins is a model, a man with a compact windup and delivery. Working quickly, he stands upright, takes the catcher's sign without a bend or a squint, quickly brings his hands, which have been hanging loose-



ly by his side, together in his glove where he gets a grip on the ball. With hardly a quiver, he delivers the ball through about a three-quarter arm arc. He says he throws a fastball, a breaking pitch and a changeup. His fastball is not of Bob Gibson caliber, his breaking pitch is usually a slider. But his con-

trol—everybody can admire that. In 252 $\frac{2}{3}$ innings Jenkins has walked but 27 men. Since early June, Jenkins has worked almost 100 innings and during that span he has walked only seven. "I wouldn't have got a hit if I'd been up there all night," said Henry Aaron after Jenkins stopped his latest

hitting streak last week at 22 games.

Probably Jenkins will appear in more than 300 innings before the season ends—this for the fourth straight year—and should all those midsummer dreams merge into one magnificent fall spectacle, the chances are the focus will be on this cool, collected Cub.

EERIE SEPTEMBER, CAMARADERIE AND THE FOX WHO SAYS NO

by RON FIMRITE

Whatever hopes the Dodgers still entertain of overtaking the Giants in the Western Division race would seem to rest with their 38-year-old shortstop's quaint notion that on baseball diamonds in September "strange things" happen to the undeserving.

Not that Maury Wills is a devotee of the occult; his manner is rather more that of the middle-aged businessman he has become after 20 years of chasing ground

balls. The Wills rhetoric, in fact, would do credit to a corporate prose stylist.

"You can be objective or negative," he said last week in discussing his team's pennant chances. "My way is to be objective. Of course, some people interpret objectivity as rationalization."

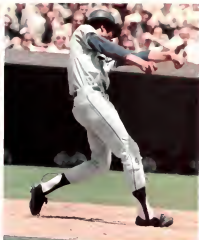
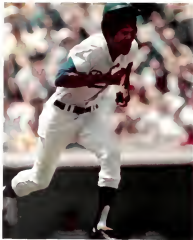
Free of this weighty disclaimer, he narrowed his eyes, lowered his voice and advanced his theory on "things" and how they happen.

"My contention is that if we can go into September five games out, we'll win. There is a definite something about the month of September. Things begin to happen to people then that just don't happen in August. Pressure is just one of them. But other things happen. Errors that might be overlooked any other month get magnified. Tempers flare. Things happen between teammates, things happen to managers. Everyone

continued

Giants' Ken Henderson, a superb fielder and hard base runner who is counted on to preserve club's early lead, scores against the Phils.





is tense and edgy. These things will happen to a losing team on the first day of the season. Everything will go wrong. But in September they happen to the best of teams. That's what I mean about September."

What he also means is that, in his opinion, the Dodgers are safer than most from such misfortune because they have the necessary camaraderie.

"We probably have better harmony than any team in baseball," Wills said earnestly. "I'm not saying the Giants don't have it, just that we do. Nobody can ask you to love him, but you can give mutual respect. If there are any hard feelings on this team, they're never shown. That's all you can ask of a professional athlete."

The Dodgers will need all the harmony they can muster in September, for the Giants appear to have every other advantage. Three times this year the Dodgers have been only 3½ games from first place and each time they have, in the words of First Baseman Wes Parker, "regrouped and fallen back." Their opportunities for a fall offensive are rapidly diminishing, and the Giants now seem strong enough to withstand the charge.

"Physically, we are in good shape," says San Francisco Manager Charlie Fox, who is something of a harmonizer himself. "And we're playing good ball."

Fox has coaxed some surprisingly good ball out of players who hardly seemed of championship timber. He has stayed the entire season with a rookie shortstop, just turned 21, and a second baseman whose past gave little hint of his present. But Chris Speier and Tito Fuentes have provided the Giants with one of the finest double-play combinations in the game. Fuentes is also hitting 30 points above his lifetime average, and Speier, who has leveled off at .240, has produced seven game-winning hits. Alan Gallagher, with his bat, and Hal Lanier, with his glove, give the team depth at third base. Willie Mays is old, and Willie McCovey, bobbling on bad knees, is infirm, but both have been enormously important to the team in areas where Wills might claim a Dodger monopoly.

Most of the Giants run well, and four of them—Bobby Bonds, Mays, Fuentes and Ken Henderson—have stolen 10 or more bases; Mays, at age 40, has stolen 16. Bonds and Henderson are two of the ablest outfielders in the game, and for insurance in both the outfield and at first base Fox has called up Dave Kingman from the Phoenix farm team. Kingman, who is 22 and stands 6' 6", is simply "the next great home run hitter in baseball," according to his exuberant manager. The Giants also have depth at catcher with Dick Dietz (14 home runs), Fran Healy (.329) and defensive specialist Russ Gibson.

Pitching alone is questionable. There was a midseason stretch when neither Juan Marchal nor Gaylord Perry could win a game. Perry went from May 30 to July 10 and Marchal from June 23 to Aug. 10 without victory. But both seem now to have regained their form. Fox thinks their failings were more mental than physical.

"They were throwing the ball well," he explained, "but I think people got to where they could guess what they'd throw in certain situations. We've corrected that now."

Then there is the home field advantage, which is for the Dodgers no advantage. In commodious Dodger Stadium they have won exactly as often as they have lost—33 times—whereas the Giants have won nearly 65% of their games in Candlestick Park. The Giants have 11 home games in September, two with Los Angeles. The Dodgers play 14 in their stadium, three with the Giants. They have beaten the Giants in only two of six games at home while winning five of seven at Candlestick.

"We're a much looser ball club on the road," said Bill Grabarkewitz, the injured Dodger third baseman. "I think we just like to bat first. The national anthem seems to do something to our pitchers. I don't know how many runs have been scored off us in the first inning at home, but we always seem to be coming to bat four runs behind. And in this park that's a lot."

"There are two things you can say about this stadium," said Parker. "It's the most beautiful in baseball and it's the toughest to hit in. It's big and the grass is high. You get on one of those AstroTurf fields and the ball just seems to fly off the bat. There

you approach the game with an entirely different attitude. It's hard not to let this park get to you."

Although they get their money's worth only half the time, Dodger fans continue to show up in abundance. The attendance is approaching two million for the eighth time since the move west from Brooklyn in 1958. By the end of this season more than 50 million souls will have seen the Los Angeles Dodgers play baseball at home and on the road. Attendance has always been news in Los Angeles; in San Francisco, where the Giants will at least draw more than a million this year, it is discussed only negatively. With some justification, Dodger followers regard their Bay Area counterparts with contempt. It is an attitude shared by some Dodger players.

"It would be a shame if the Giants won the pennant," said Grabarkewitz. "They don't have any fans."

Moving into the season's climactic month, these two teams offer an interesting contrast in virtues and defects: the Dodgers, unable to win at home but drawing well; the Giants losing on the road, where they are one of the best draws in the game. The Giants, even with Mays and McCovey shuttling in and out of the lineup, are now pretty much a set team; the Dodgers rarely field the same lineup two games in succession. The Giants, traditionally a power team, run better and more often on the bases than the Dodgers, traditionally a running team. The Giants have two outstanding starting pitchers; the Dodgers, with Claude Osteen, Al Downing, Don Sutton and Bill Singer, have four good ones. And finally there is the issue of harmony and all those "things" that can happen without it.

Richie Allen, the gifted but scarcely harmonious power hitter who was a problem athlete in both St. Louis and Philadelphia, has been knocking himself out for the Dodgers, according to Manager Walter Alston. Is he happier with the spirited Dodgers, Allen was asked, than he was with the Cardinals and Phillies? He looked up from the business of studying the locker room floor. There was the faintest suggestion of a smile on his Mephistophelean countenance.

"Now," he said slowly, "does that really matter?"

Richie Allen, meet Maury Wills. **END**

Turning the hot trick over baseball's most insouciant Afro, Willie Davis is one of the veterans the Dodgers count on in September.

HAVING AT A BALL IN NEW HAVANA

The old capital ain't what it used to be and neither was volleyball's image after the U.S. and Cuba battled it out by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

As improbable a stranger in Cuba, a U.S. athlete named Larry Milliken, wandered by chance one afternoon last week into a workers' art exhibit in the busy lobby of Havana's Radio Liberation. What he saw smacked was a dozen or more anti-U.S. paintings, including one, *Drink to Impervium*, depicting the American eagle impaled on a blood-drenched arrow. There was also a wall hung with equally harsh drawings done entirely by Cuban schoolchildren. The 23-year-old Milliken, a short-order cook from California, looked around a few minutes, then emerged into the street. "Man," he said, "there's some radical domings in there."

Happily for Milliken and the rest of the U.S. volleyball team, such reminders of the realities of U.S.-Cuban relations were few and fleeting during their 10 days in Havana. With a proper welcome decreed by none other than Fidel Castro himself, the U.S. team, one of five entries in what was billed as the North-Central American and Caribbean zonal Olympic qualification tournament, received abuzz from the Cuban people, many of them eager to tell of relatives in exile in Miami or, as one woman assured a group of players on a palm-fringed Caribbean beach, in the "California part of New York." The hospitality abruptly stopped at the volleyball court when Cuba defeated the U.S. last Sunday night before 16,500 partisan *Hoboneros* and a national TV audience.

The victory, which qualified Cuba for one of the 12 berths at Munich, came in the aftermath of a politically charged Pan-American Games in Cali, Colombia, in which Cuba took the gold medal with a dramatic three-game sweep of the U.S.

For the visitors from North America

the competition itself was only slightly more important than the publicity that the Cuban trip brought to their sport, one that has been hitherto unjustly treated as a pitty-pat girls' game practically everywhere in the U.S. except on the beaches and campuses of Southern California. The team was accompanied by a handful of U.S. journalists, and players like Paul Patterson of Los Angeles were under no illusion that the press had been attracted by anything other than the setting. "Oh, we've had publicity before," Patterson shrugged one morning in the lobby of the 25-story Habana Libre Hotel, known in another time as the Hilton. "We were on TV once in Binghamton."

It was more than just another tournament for the host Cubans, too. From the moment the U.S. players stepped off a Cubana Air Lines charter from Jamaica into the green neon gloom of Havana's José Martí Airport, they found themselves caught up in what amounted to a national sports mania.

The revolutionary posters festooning Havana streets now vied for attention with futuristic billboards announcing the world amateur baseball championship scheduled for Havana in November. At their hotel U.S. team members shared a dining room with beefy Mongolians and Bulgarians, combatants in a "friendship wrestling tournament," whose training regimens evidently ruled out smiling. Meanwhile, 6,000 youths had descended on Havana from around the country to compete in the annual scholastic games, a kind of Cuban Junior Olympics.

Above all, there was an outpouring of pride over the genuinely impressive showing that this Marxist country of 8.5 million population had achieved in Cali. During the Pan-Am Games play-

by-play accounts were carried by radio into peoples' factories and state farms and over loudspeakers on the streets of Havana, while Castro, that incorrigible sports enthusiast, interrupted meetings with foreign emissaries to bend an ear to the latest tidings. The U.S. won more medals all told, but *Growns*, the official Communist Party newspaper, published graphs pointing out that Cuba had taken 20 times as many as the despised Americans on a per capita basis. The figures were inflated. Actually Cuba won only 11 times as many, for whatever the comparison is worth.

To honor the country's sports heroes, a crowd of 30,000 turned out 24 hours after the U.S. team's arrival for a mass meeting in a parking lot at Havana's Sports City, an athletic complex begun under Batista and completed following his overthrow in 1959. Red-shirted athletes took seats up front, while everybody else stood in a great crush, the women brandishing fans against the warm, sticky night. Stationed in the crowd were nurses with stretchers at the ready, the first substantial clue that the Bearded One might show up to deliver one of his endurance-testing speeches.

And so he did, arriving just as the victory celebration began and mounting a platform bearing a huge sign—EL DEPORTE DELICHO DEL PUEBLO (Sport is the people's right), a slogan Castro coined in the early '60s in pledging a national commitment to athletics, one of the subsequent benefits of which has been free admission to all sports events. In high spirits, Fidel let the applause as the athletes stepped forward, one proud figure after another, to recount every breathless detail of their Pan-Am triumphs. Except possibly for the stars of Cuba's major team victories over the U.S., which came in baseball and basketball as well as in volleyball, the most enthusiastic reception was reserved for 19-year-old Pedro Pérez Duñán, world triple-jump record breaker at Cali, whose parents—his father is a gardener—had been bused in for the rally from the tobacco-growing province of Pinar del Río by INDER, the national sports institute.



The black Caribbean sky was thick with giant moths and rhetors, as Castro, looking every bit the angry prophet, began to speak. He inveighed against rampant imperialism, invoked the memory of Che Guevara and, emphasizing the importance of sports in the socialist state, dismissed the defection of several Cuban athletes at Cali as "dishonors which history will take into account." But it all fell short of a typical Castro harangue. For one thing, he talked less than an hour, which assured the ladies with the stretchers a slow night. Then, too, he struck an unexpectedly conciliatory note when he urged his countrymen to give the visiting Americans "sportsmanlike, courteous and respectful" treatment.

"We believe we are entitled to a gold medal for hospitality," Castro said, leaning into a battery of microphones. Then he added, "We shouldn't consider those athletes as representatives of imperialism. Rather, we should look upon them as representatives of the United States."

For the U.S. players, who watched the rally on an East German-made television set at their hotel, the impact of Castro's intercession became apparent at the tournament's opening ceremonies at the Sports City Coliseum. Parading beneath a huge poster of Che that dominates the indoor arena, the Americans were treated to an ovation so enthusiastic as to be almost disorienting. Of course, it was understood by everybody that all this goodwill was subject to recall during the U.S.-Cuba game, but musketeered Al Scates, the 32-year-old American coach, insisted on thinking positively. "Maybe we won't have a riot here after all," he said as he sauntered off for a dip in the Habsburg Libre pool.

The anticipation surrounding the U.S.-Cuba showdown, which would have been great in any case, was intensified by the fact that both countries had young, improving teams eager to crack the top ranks of world volleyball. The Cubans had as their coach a bull

by AP/WIDE

The U.S. overwhelmed the Dutch Antilles beneath a glowing poster of Che Guevara



In brief (36-minute) speech, Castro asks countrymen to be hospitable to the U.S. team.

of a man named Dieter Grund from East Germany, the country that last year beat out its socialist neighbors—six of the top seven teams were from behind the Iron Curtain—to win the world championship. Grund has schooled the Cubans in a deliberate offense in which the ball is set unusually high above the net to a couple of leaping fools capable of speiking it over the outstretched fingers of all but the most accomplished blockers. It is essentially the East German style, and the Cubans got a first-hand lesson when the world champions came to Havana for several weeks of exhibition play last spring.

The U.S. team, in search of similar seasoning, played in a meet in Poland just before leaving for Cali. It won only one of four matches there but, according to Scates, who coached UCLA to two straight NCAA titles, the experience “helped round us into shape.” Opening play in Havana, Scates’ team defeated the Netherlands Antilles 15-2, 15-3, 15-1 in a laughter that required just 40 minutes, compared with two hours or more for an evenly contested match, and then swept successive three-game matches from Mexico and Puerto Rico.

By contrast with Cuba’s high, powerful attack, the U.S. used quick, deft

placements off relatively low sets, often as not to left-handed spiker Kirk Kilgour, the 6’ 3” star of Scates’ UCLA team. But the Americans almost faltered against Mexico, particularly in the second game when they trailed 14-9, and had to rally furiously to win 17-15. The U.S. relied during the matches earlier in the week on the scrambling backcourt defense of both Patterson and 20-year-old Duncan McFarland, a cherub-faced senior at San Diego State, who repeatedly dug and dived to save shots that teammates up front were unable to block.

Otherwise well received in the early matches, the Americans drew a few jeers from the crowds when they experimented against the Antilles and Mexico with the so-called skyball, a high, arcing serve that reaches roughly the same altitude as the royal palaces surrounding nearby Revolution Palace. The skyball is a familiar tactic on Southern California beaches, where wind and sun can make it tricky to field, and the team was using it, one of the Americans confided, “to give the Cubans something to think about.” If the Cubans were unduly concerned, they never let on. They rolled over the same three opponents as the U.S., and Coach Grund may merely have been responding to Castro’s call for cour-

tesy when he generously said, “The U.S. has the material. If the players work, they could beat the GDR [East Germany] one day.”

The mere fact that a U.S. team was in Cuba naturally invited comparison with last spring’s American table-tennis trip to Red China, although the only certain parallel is that both games involve hitting a ball over a net. “This is not to be confused with Ping-Pong diplomacy,” cautioned an official from behind a bare desk in the foreign ministry, his voice competing with a wheezing U.S.-made air-conditioner of considerable vintage. One of the most obvious distinctions is that U.S. citizens have been tracking into Cuba all along and not just aboard hijacked aircraft. They include young people in tune with the revolution as well as newsmen in quest of an eight-part series on agrarian reform, and there have been previous visits, too, by a couple of sports delegations, most recently when 25 Americans came to Havana two years ago for the World Fencing Championships.

The fences enjoyed neither the attention nor the freedom of movement of the latest U.S. visitors, although the journalists making the volleyball trip ran into some bizarre restrictions. Cuban officials seemed particularly on edge about pictures, as when an NBC cameraman began photographing Rudy Suwara, the 29-year-old U.S. team captain, talking to school kids outside Coppelia, a popular ice cream parlor across from the Habana Libre.

Ice cream is one of the few bourgeois pleasures to survive the revolution, and there is this very joke among Cubans (humor is another surviving pleasure): whenever another of Fidel’s economic projects fails, he adds an additional ice cream flavor. But when a pair of bule-ful characters, one identifying himself as a military policeman, ushered Suwara off for questioning he knew he wasn’t on a Baskin-Robbins. “I was plenty irked,” Suwara said. “After five minutes I just told them I was leaving. One of them, this little guy in horn-rimmed glasses, was nasty and arrogant.”

Apart from such minor annoyances, the American players roamed the city pretty much at will, mingling with the people, most of whom were friendly in the extreme. Out for a stroll one morn-

ing Jim Coleman, an assistant U.S. coach and chemistry professor at George Williams College in Downers Grove, Illinois, walked into a research lab at the University of Havana and was invited by some students to stay for lunch.

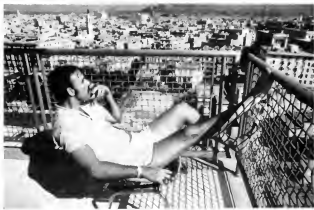
"They warned me that the food wouldn't be as good as at the hotel," Coleman said afterward. "It wasn't. But we had a good time. They look the same and talk the same as our students. They even tell the same jokes."

To the visiting Americans, sightseeing both by bus and on foot, Havana seemed like the set of an old movie, the print slightly faded with age. Big-finned Cadillacs and 1947 Hudsons rolled along all but deserted boulevards, and from the balconies of oceanfront hotels where U.S. tourists once sunned themselves one could hear roosters crowing. There were similar sights and sounds everywhere. At the gym where the team practiced, a facility that used to belong to an American-run Methodist school, a rusted-out Coca-Cola cooler lay overturned in the yard. The gym has been renamed after a hero of the Bay of Pigs.

One tourist attraction the players took in was Ernest Hemingway's hallowed villa near Havana, paradisiacally set among stands of bamboo and lush ferns, where *The Old Man and the Sea* was written. Now a state museum, it is preserved just as Hemingway left it: bullfight posters on the walls, dining room table set for three, 10-year-old magazines waiting to be read in the living room. The team went in two groups, and the one that included Scates was caught in a thunderstorm. The attendants, concerned lest the visitors track up Hemingway's bear-skin rugs, permitted them only to look through the windows. As he walked the grounds, Scates allowed that "It seems like a great place to write," the judgment of one whose forthcoming book, *Winning Fullback*, gives him an obvious literary affinity with Papa.

Following practice one afternoon the U.S. players were taken to a beach outside Havana, where they tossed around a Frisbee, a bourgeois contrivance unknown in Cuba, and were besieged by off-duty soldiers in fatigue-green swim trunks anxious to talk about such rock groups as *Songre*, *Soda y Ligeritas*, better known 90 miles to the north as *Blood, Sweat and Tears*. And they came upon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEFER



U.S. Coach Scates puffs a (what else) Havana at Habana Libre (formerly Hilton) Hotel.

another example of Cuban hospitality when Patterson and a teammate, Byron Shewman, paused to watch a group of men playing dominos outside a cabuha.

The Cubans struck up a conversation with the strangers. Soon one of them, a taut-skinned fellow wearing the green shirt of the Canecutters Brigade, handed out cold beer all around, this being one of the few items in Cuba not strictly rationed. The man, who was spending a week at the beach with his family in reward for his work in last year's sugar harvest, spoke in English: "You are visiting my country," he told the Americans. "I want you to be at home. This is beautiful."

Plentiful as such confrontations were, there still remained one more, this time with the Cuban volleyball team. The leftist demology has always considered the U.S. the shark and her Latin-American neighbors as sardines, but the roles seemed reversed when the Cubans came from behind to chew up the North Americans. The Coliseum was SRO four hours before the match began, and among those on hand was Castro, who chatted for half an hour with the U.S. players. He wished them luck, adding, "Of course, I hope Cuba will win."

For a time Fidel had reason to wor-

ry. The Americans, getting strong blocking from McFarland and Smitty Duke, took just 19 minutes to win the opener 15-8, then edged ahead in the second game 10-8. "The key to beating the Cubans is to beat their strong block," Scates had said beforehand. But it was the Cubans who began finding openings in the U.S. defense. With 21-year-old Diego Lopera doing the spiking, Cuba scored seven straight points to win 15-8. The third game started as an uncompromising struggle, the points coming so grudgingly—only the serving team can score in volleyball—that it was only 3-3 after 17 minutes of play.

Then the U.S. began to disintegrate. As the crowd chanted "Coo-ba, Coo-ba," Lopera and high-jumping Pedro Delgado fired the home team to a 15-6 win. Cuba took the final game 15-8, and Suwara could only lament, "We just couldn't seem to get together."

As for Castro, he told foreign journalists he was impressed with the "high-quality games," then slipped off his gun belt to demonstrate his serving technique. It only confirmed what such U.S. players as Dodge Parker had suspected all along. "I think I like Castro," Parker said soon after arriving in Cuba. "He seems like a hung-loose guy." **END**

SWING WIDE, SWEET CHARIOT

France's superb Une de Mai almost missed the Roosevelt International because of quarantine restrictions, but once in the U.S. she made all the other horses look sick by WILLIAM F. REED

At about 7:30 p.m. last Saturday, Jean-Rene Gougeon, the preeminent French harness racing driver, was standing in the paddock at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Gougeon, known in France as "Le Pape" because he supposedly resembles Pope Paul, would soon be driving Une de Mai, the millionaire mare, against eight of the world's best trotters in the \$125,000 International Trot, but now he was more concerned with cleaning off his driving goggles. A late-afternoon rain had left a slick coating of mud on the track's artificial surface. In warmups Gougeon's goggles had been splattered, as had his white driving helmet and the front of his pale blue silks.

"Bah," said Gougeon good-naturedly to an American bystander. "Sloppy."

The American nodded, and through an interpreter asked about Une de Mai, the big copper-colored 7-year-old whose earnings going into the International were \$1,238,355—a world record for a harness horse.

"Ah," said the 43-year-old Gougeon, smiling as he wiped his goggles, breathed on them again and wiped some more. "My horse has never been better than she is right now. *Formidable.*"

That should have been clue enough. While Gougeon is self-assured, he does not bluff. American fans learned this in 1969 when he brought Une de Mai to Roosevelt to face America's vaunted

Nevele Pride in the International. "I think my mare will win," Gougeon said then to an amused and unbelieving American press. And win she did, the hard way, by racing outside for the entire mile and a quarter.

This time Une de Mai's main competition was not Nevele Pride, long since retired to stud, but another mare—Canada's Fresh Yankee. Fresh Yankee had won last year's International (Une de Mai finished a disappointing fourth on that occasion), and going into Saturday night's race her career earnings were \$976,780—more than any trotter in North America and third (behind Une de Mai and the retired New Zealand pacer Cardigan Bay) on harness racing's



alltime list. Her trainer-driver, Joe O'Brien, 54, is just as reticent as Gougeon is ebullient, and Joe was in a typically uncharitable mood as he stood in the paddock barn, his arms crossed and an enigmatic smile on his lips.

Q: "How's your mare?"

A: "She's all right."

Q: "How do you think you'll do?"

A: "As well as I can."

Perhaps neither Gougeon nor O'Brien quite expected what was to come—the closest, most exciting finish in the International's 13-year history. Before a screaming crowd of 39,247 Gougeon and Une de Mai rushed up on the far outside to beat O'Brien and Fresh Yankee by a nostril in the final stride. "I thought I had won, but I wasn't sure," said Gougeon through his interpreter. "I asked O'Brien after we crossed the finish line and he didn't know, either."

For a race that turned out so beautifully, this year's International had more than its share of troubles. The owners of Barbulu, the Italian champion, declined to come because they felt they could make more money racing in Europe. Harper Arrow, a fine Swedish horse who had finished ahead of Une de Mai in one heat of the Elitlopp on May 31 at Stockholm, injured his right front leg and had to undergo an operation. Vaisonnais D., a French horse who was to represent Monaco, had his invitation withdrawn after a blood test revealed the presence of piroplasmiasis, a highly infectious disease more commonly known as swamp fever. And then the owners of Henri Butenorg, a trotter from The Netherlands, declined an invitation for fear of exposing their horse to the VEE epidemic in America (SI, Aug. 16).

As unsettling as this list of dropouts was, the track officials and their European agent, French journalist Alex Ignatieff, managed to compensate. In short order Italy's Aganur, West Germany's Ganster, America's Dayan and New Zealand's Stylish Major were recruited to fill the vacancies. But a se-

rious crisis remained, and it involved the French. In mid-July the government barred North and South American horses from entering France because of the VEE epidemic. It also declared that French horses competing in America would have to stay in quarantine for 60 days when they returned. An enforced 60-day vacation was unthinkable to Gougeon and Jean Mary, the trainer-driver of Tidalium Pelo, because their horses already were scheduled to race in several lucrative European stakes this fall. Unless their animals got an exemption from that long quarantine, the horsemen said, they could not afford to take them to the International.

For the next three weeks Alex Ignatieff tried to work out something with the French government, but to no avail. "It was delay, delay, delay," he said, frowning as he recalled his bouts with bureaucracy. As of the morning of Aug. 10 the French horses still had not received their exemption, and Roosevelt was on the brink of scratching the International. In Paris, Ignatieff had been getting nowhere—the government's chief veterinarian was on vacation—but fortunately he found an assistant veterinarian who was also an old friend, Dr. Alexander Karpoucko. Ignatieff agreed to a compromise that would require Gougeon and Mary to keep their horses in quarantine for 10 days, and Karpoucko signed the exemption. "If I had not met him," says Ignatieff, "we would have had no chance because there was no one else there with authority to sign the papers."

With horses duly present, the rain had stopped by the time the International went off. The track was rated good, although it was still so sticky that all the drivers were splattered with mud from head to toe. The horses were spotlighted, introduced, serenaded with *A's a Small World* and, of course, bet upon, and the race got underway.

Almost as soon as the mobile starting gate moved, America's Dart Hanover broke for the lead. At the quarter he was in command, followed by Fresh Yankee and Cram Hanover, both Canadians. Tidalium Pelo was fourth, followed on the outside by Une de Mai, who had started from the No. 8 post.

By the half mile Cram Hanover had fallen back to fourth. "He's a game

horse, but he was in over his head," said Herve Filion, his trainer-driver—but Dart Hanover still held onto first place with Fresh Yankee in tight on the rail behind him, saving ground. Now Tidalium Pelo, on the outside and followed by Une de Mai, moved up to second.

As the field went into the final turn of the 1½-mile race, Tidalium Pelo faltered and appeared ready to break stride, so Gougeon deftly took Une de Mai three wide to the outside. In the stretch, Dart Hanover still led, but the sagging Tidalium Pelo fell back, opening a hole between himself and Dart Hanover, and O'Brien quickly moved Fresh Yankee through and into the clear. "I wanted to move at the beginning of that last turn," said O'Brien, "but I couldn't get my bike through. Tidalium Pelo was bearing in just enough to keep his wheel in front of mine."

Meanwhile, on the far outside, Gougeon's vision of Fresh Yankee was blocked by the hulking black form of Tidalium. "Suddenly I saw Fresh Yankee's head shoot out," said Gougeon, "so I took off after her."

With O'Brien whispering, cajoling and jiggling for all he was worth, Fresh Yankee slipped past the faltering Dart Hanover late in the stretch, and looked like a winner only yards from the finish, but Une de Mai blurred past her in the last split second. "*Jaute au poteau* (right at the wire)," exulted Gougeon later. Once again he had kept Une de Mai on the outside the entire race—a tactic that is anathema in America—and once again he had won the International.

The loss was not complete disaster for Fresh Yankee. Her second-place money of \$31,250 made her the sport's third millionaire. The first, Une de Mai, increased her bankroll by \$62,500, which is a lot of francs even in today's money market.

Gougeon already is talking about coming to next year's International with Vanusa B., a 6-year-old mare who is said to be next in line to Une de Mai as the latter was the successor to Roquepine. This is assuming, of course, that Une de Mai will be retired by next year, and that may be assuming too much. French horses and drivers, like some wines, seem to improve with age.

END

Entering the stretch, Fresh Yankee (second on rail) moved out and between horses to take the lead, but Une de Mai (far left) swung wide around the packed field and came on to win the race by only inches

Hot Wheels Italian Style

by Dora Jane Hamblin

They bear the names Ferrari, de Tomaso, Lamborghini and Maserati, and they are the world's swiftest, most elegant road cars. Built, paradoxically, in Italy's 'reddest Red belt,' they are the chariots of the rich, the racy and the romantic

For years people have been wondering why they get lost in Bologna and Modena, Italy, even while attempting nothing more dramatic than a passage through. The reason is simple: the tight little triangle of Bologna-Modena-Maranello is the breeding ground of all those low-slung, high-powered Grand Touring cars that are the most glamorous automobiles in the world today. The sturdy and amiable little Fiats one tries to coax through their territory simply get stage fright and forget the entrances and exits.

In factories so close together that a test driver can hardly get through all of his gears without crossing the opposition's turf, they build the awesome Ferraris, the proud Maseratis, the sleek and graceful de Tomaso cars and those low, low Lamborghinis that go by so fast one can never tell whether the driver is lying flat on his back, or was simply left behind at the start. These automobiles are built to go from a standstill to 60 mph in six or seven seconds, reach top speeds of 145 to 180 mph and retail

roughly in the \$10,000 to \$25,000 range. Unless, of course, a customer brings in his own leopard skins and pays a little extra for special upholstery.

All have such amenities as electrically controlled windows and adjustable bucket seats but only Maserati will stoop to bourgeois automatic transmissions, and then only if the customer insists. For the rest it's six on the floor, baby, and don't get your white scarf caught in the wheels.

For all that it deals with such basic materials as steel and rubber and paint, the mystique of this world is like that of a very select private club, or even a high-fashion couturier's salon. There is the same babble of languages, the same air of snooty elegance, the same exchange of arcane terminology. There are even the same queues of the wealthy and/or wishful wanting to know when they can get delivery—or could they please just try one on.

The atmosphere is dominated by three sharply different men: Enzo Ferrari, the austere old king; Alejandro de Tomaso,

the polished Renaissance prince; and Ferruccio Lamborghini, the peasant plutocrat who was born under the sign of Taurus and would be no slouch in a china shop himself. Maserati currently has no single ruling figure and its image has become an efficient, button-down approach to the business of selling expensive cars. Like Ferrari, Maserati made its name in racing cars but it has gone out of the racing business. "It got too sad," says Guenno Bertocchi, who himself won seven of the classic Italian Mille Miglia races and is now Maserati's chief test driver. "Too many drivers were killed."

Enzo Ferrari, de Tomaso and Lamborghini all were racing drivers in their youth, with varying degrees of success. All love motors with a consuming passion, are fiercely independent and are aggrieved if anybody wants them to make more than one or two cars a day, and they have as little to do with each other as possible.

Although the name Ferrari conjures up either grease-stained racers or rich young men with dazzling blondes by their

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

Ferrari's new Daytona two-seater (180 mph, \$23,500) contrasts modern Italy with old: walled Castello di Serravalle.

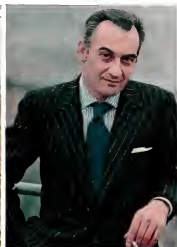




Enzo Ferrari himself and the Dino, named after his son—a 148-mph, 513-'60 model whose 2.4-liter V-6 is derived from Ferrari's racing Dinos.



Alejandro de Tomaso's Pantera has a big American Ford V-8 underpinnings and at \$9,000 boasts a top speed of 145 mph (0 to 60 in 5.5 seconds).





Italian Wheels continued

sides, the truth is that 80% of all Ferrari owners are past 50, and the man who made the legend is 73 and virtually a recluse. Enzo Ferrari lives in Modena, where he was born, and spends most of his time half an hour away at the factory in Maranello. Outside massive steel gates painted green are two panels of the prancing black horse that is the Ferrari symbol, and inside are khaki-clad guards who scrutinize every visitor.

There are no smoking signs everywhere: Ferrari doesn't smoke. He sits behind a shiny desk in a big, light-blue room, wearing blue tinted glasses that conceal his eyes. He is tall, white-thatched, distant. On three office walls are oil paintings of the swift red racers that have won six world championships. On the wall he faces is a framed photograph of his only son, Dino, who died of a virus in 1956. Three eerie rose-colored lights burn constantly under the photograph.

Looking at Ferrari, one forgets all those over-50 Ferrari owners. If anyone is the doyen of racing and father of the modern Italian breed of fast and handsome cars, this is the man. One suddenly sees the car he sees. Blood-red

and driving for the finish line. He is a man obsessed by speed and performance, and though he admits to no inner torment, his reminiscences are laced with the details of violent death. Many of his friends died in cars and some esteemed drivers (Wolfgang von Trips, Alfonso de Portago, Peter Collins, most recently Ignazio Giunti in the Thousand Kilometers in Buenos Aires in January) died in Ferraris.

Ferrari has always been an innovator, a catalyst. "I have never considered myself an automobile manufacturer or an inventor," he says. "I am an agnator, an agnator of men and of technical problems."

One gets the feeling he loathes having to make cars that aren't destined to go racing around a track somewhere, though for a while he did get a kick out of meeting such customers as the Shah of Iran, Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands, Françoise Sagan and Ingrid Bergman in her Rossellini period. He doesn't bother to meet them any more. Though he has been attacked as a death merchant, Ferrari has never abandoned his conviction that racing cars improve the breed. Certainly the well-

continued



Ferruccio Lamborghini stands tall with the new Uraco, his answer to the Dino. Above is his latest prototype.



hooded buyers of the "civilian" Ferraris and the smaller, cheaper Dino sports coupe that Fiat builds to Ferrari designs, get the benefit of racing experience.

One of those civilian cars, a 1961 Ferrari 330 GTC, had a differential that did not please its owner, Ferruccio Lamborghini of Bologna. Stocky, rambunctious Ferruccio did not take it to a garage, he took it straight to Signor Ferrari. And, so the story goes, Sig. Ferrari told Sig. Lamborghini he'd be damned if he'd lay a finger on a Ferrari just to satisfy some tractor manufacturer. Since neither principal will confirm or deny this story, everybody believes it.

"So I decided to build my own GT," crows Lamborghini. At the Geneva Auto Show of March 1964 he had three models to display, and in 1966 he unveiled the Miura, at 1,100 millimeters (3½ feet) the lowest car on the road. The Miura also sports a handsome body by Bertone and a big 12-cylinder engine mounted sideways about three inches behind the driver's head. The Miura will do 180 mph. On its heels came the Lamborghini four-passenger Espada, and the Turin Auto Show of 1970 unveiled the Uraco, his latest hit.

Unlike Ferrari, Lamborghini seldom second-guesses his engineers and he is not interested in building racing cars.

A farmer's son, Lamborghini first got rich creating tractors using war surplus motors, but it was with the Grand Touring cars, however, that he discovered the good life. Swingers like Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin bought them, and the Shah of Iran added a Lamborghini to his fleet. Ferruccio began throwing big parties and jetting around the world to see the sights.

"Building cars, for Lamborghini, is a hobby," he frequently remarks, lapsing into the third person. "Tractors are nice, but they are not beautiful. Cars are beautiful. Lamborghini is a sort of boutique for cars, making maybe 450 or 500 a year. That is enough."

At de Tomaso's works, a modest-looking establishment on the outskirts of Modena, the boss is not in. A pleasant young engineer says vaguely, "Perhaps he is

in Turin, or America. . . . No, you can't call his house, he doesn't have a house. He lives in hotels. Mr. de Tomaso is a man who lives in a whirlwind which must never stop."

Alejandro de Tomaso, born in Buenos Aires in July 1928, is the only one of the three car makers who is primarily a designer. In addition to running Società de Tomaso Inc. and de Tomaso Automobili, he is president and managing director of Ghia, which designs special car bodies for everyone from Maserati to Alfa Romeo to Ford—and, of course, for de Tomaso.

His wife is the former Isabelle Haskell of Red Bank, N.J., who apparently shares his aversion for houses and lives mostly in a hotel in Modena, supervising the car production while de Tomaso manages the rest of their far-flung affairs.

They started building cars in 1959. "We began on October 10, just my wife and I and one mechanic, and in four months we had a racing car and we loved it very much, it was so much fun. It was a 1.5-liter single-seater of four cylinders. I drove it three times and never won. Then we didn't have time anymore." They introduced the Mangusta at the Turin Auto Show in late 1966 and then, with only about 280 workmen, began turning out roughly one car a day in the Modena plant. The Mangusta was an instant success but only about 700 were made because de Tomaso designed a car he liked even better, to be called the Pantera and to be manufactured for Ford.

Why would an Argentinean married to an American and heavily committed to Detroit put his plant in Modena?

"Because nowhere else could three people have built a racing car in four months," he says. "After years of building cars here, there is a tradition, a passion, and the workmen in the Modena-Bologna area are the best car builders in the world."

A lot of them are also Communists, for this is the heart of the reddest Red belt in Italy, even while remaining one of the country's most prosperous areas. This is a paradox typical of topsy-turvy Italian politics. In the depressed south,

voters lean nostalgically to royalism; in the prosperous North, they are Communists. Italian Communists. "Communism is a title here," says de Tomaso. "The Italians are too individualistic to be real Communists."

Lately, the individualists have a new problem: the sudden American concern for safety and anti-pollution devices has forced the builders to make expensive changes in both motors and fittings for export. Normally the Grand Touring market is about 25% American, a figure that fell sharply in 1970 because of new regulations. De Tomaso finds most of them "silly." Maserati scrambled fastest to comply, and Ferrari airily says, "When we build racing cars we have no particular respect for the smell of the air." He adds, however, "When progress destroys humanity, then it is no longer progress. We are beginning to control our motors."

Another problem, more serious, is the absorption of relatively small operations into the huge general-market companies. In 1969 Ferrari concluded an agreement with Fiat, the Italian giant. Now Fiat makes the Dino sports car to Ferrari's specifications. Ferrari retained control over his racing division and a big say in the larger 12-cylinder Grand Touring Ferraris. In 1968 Maserati sold a controlling interest to the French Citroën company, and de Tomaso, in 1970, went almost completely to Ford.

The last to succumb was loner Lamborghini, who only a year ago boasted that he lost money on all his cars but that they were a good advertisement for his tractors. In January 1971 he sold the tractor assembly plant (though not the company itself) to Fiat for a reported \$25 million and announced bravely that he would continue to make cars, heaters, even tractors, though in another, smaller plant.

All this wheeling and dealing has left the Italian luxury car business in a great state of financial chumminess. Citroën controls Maserati. Ford has de Tomaso. Fiat runs almost everything at Ferrari except Enzo himself. But hold—Fiat also owns a big chunk of Citroën, which owns Maserati, but then some of the Maserati cars are designed by de Tomaso, who belongs to Ford, and Fiat has bailed out Lamborghini.

As the king sang in that famous musical comedy, "Is a puzzlement." But beautiful. **END**

Chief Tester Giovanni Bertocci: is a link between former Maseratis and such new splendors as the 175-mpg, \$20,960 Ghia SS.

'I'M GOING TO PUNISH THEM FOR LAST YEAR'

Coming off a knee operation, hassled by negotiations, the mighty John Mackey was a flop on the field. Now he is out for revenge **by GWILYM S. BROWN**



Early this month, in the second quarter of an exhibition game between the two most recent Super Bowl champions, the Baltimore Colts put the ball in play from the Kansas City Chiefs' 35-yard line. John Mackey, the Colts' tight end, slipped past the defensive end and accelerated down the left side of the field while the Chiefs' safety, Jim Kearney, scrambled to stay close. At the 10 Mackey dipped his right shoulder and took a step inside, then cut back to the outside. Kearney's legs scissored furiously as he tried to maintain his balance. Suddenly Mackey swerved to the inside just in time to tuck away a perfect pass from Reserve Quarterback Sam Haverlik and cross into the end zone.

The touchdown was subsequently nullified by an offensive pass interference penalty in another section of the field, but of far more significance to the Colts than the loss of six points was the fact that Mackey, who has recently been voted by the Pro Football Hall of Fame selection committee as

the greatest tight end in history, had shown he was fit and ready to go at full speed once again.

"I'm going to play as if it was my rookie year all over," Mackey said in the locker room following the game, elated despite the fact that the Colts had lost 10-7 and he had been kicked in the head so hard he had to sit out the second half. "Last year Kearney played me right up on the line of scrimmage and beat on me. He knocked me down five times in one game because he knew I couldn't do anything about it. I hold no grudges. That's the job those defensive men have to do, but as I told Kearney the first time we lined up tonight, I'm going to punish them all for what they did to me last year."

A lot happened last year to John Mackey. At his rampaging best he is a first-rate blocker, can catch passes short or long and then break games open with his wild, galloping runs. "Once he catches the ball the great adventure begins," says Colt End Coach Dick Bielecki.

"Those people on defense climb all over him. The lucky ones fall off." But last year Mackey's right knee, healing slowly from an operation for the removal of bone chips, severely limited his mobility and gave him intense pain up until the Super Bowl. As a result, defensive backs arrogantly played him nose to nose on the line of scrimmage. Says Mackey, "It was as if they were saying, 'Why you fat old guy with your bum knee, what can you do to hurt us?'"

Part of Mackey's inability to hurt people on the field stemmed from the fact that he was doing so much to help them off it. Since January 1970 Mackey has been president of the NFL Players Association and his performance in that role was the major reason why the association survived last year's frantic and bitter negotiations with the owners, eventually signing an improved pension and benefits contract. To be able to concentrate fully on the bargaining, Mackey curtailed his activities as chairman of the board of John Mackey Enterprises,



MACKEY IS A JOVIAL SOUL AT HOME BUT WHEN HE LINES UP AT TIGHT END HE IS, AS HE PUTS IT, MEAN, LIKE THE OWNERS

a wholesale food distribution company of which he is the major stockholder, and almost completely abandoned the handball, tennis, running and horseback riding with which he usually warms up for training camp.

"It was really sad in a way," says John Wilbur, a Washington Redskins guard and the Players Association treasurer. "Here was a football player coming off a knee operation with the knowledge that his profession might not be working out. His wife was probably getting sore, the press was giving us a beating, the owners were giving him a lot of flak. Yet he kept his spirits up and he kept our spirits up and stuck with it. He didn't work out so he'd have more time for the negotiations."

"I was so wrapped up in the work," says Mackey, "that I never gave my playing career much thought. I just felt that if I took time out for my own business or for getting in shape that we'd lose. It was unbelievable mental anguish. By the time it was all over, my concentration

was completely gone. I was having nightmares. My wife Sylvia says the negotiations changed me, that I'm meaner, that I'd been around the owners so long that I got like them."

Until Mackey came along and started to get mean, the Players Association was little more than a social club that depended almost entirely on hired lawyers to do the heavy work. "I certainly never sought the presidency," says Mackey of the job that is not exactly the childhood ambition of every red-blooded American boy. "I'd been outspoken, but I'd also told off some of the militant guys because I thought that too often they were using their positions as player reps to pursue personal vendettas, that this didn't accomplish anything. So I guess quite a few people were thinking that I wouldn't have the guts to stand up to the owners."

Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom was among those who were not deceived. After Mackey's election, Rosenbloom reportedly warned his fellow owners,

"Look, this guy isn't going to be easy. Rosenbloom was right."

"The presidency and the negotiations probably have hardened John but they also opened him up a lot," says Sylvia Mackey, an astonishingly beautiful mother of three (Lisa, 7, John, 4, and Linda, 3) as well as a high-fashion model. "In college John always loved to party, but he was never loud or noisy. We used to call him Twinkletoes because he was such a great dancer. He still never says anything he doesn't mean, but he's much more willing to talk to people, to make speeches."

Center Bill Curry, now the Colts' player rep, vividly recalls the first time Mackey ever opened up at a team meeting. "John has always been a great inspiration on the field," says Curry. "Late in a tough game most of us will be dragging ourselves around, working hard to give 98%. Then we'll see Mackey grabbing the ball and knocking guys down even though he is beat, too, and so we all start giving 120% just the way he is."

Continued

But he never used to say anything, just do it. Then once at a team meeting before an important game with the Rams in 1968 Johnny Unitas called on Mackey to say something and this time he did. "Men," he said, "these guys really need their butts kicked and we're going to go out and do just that." It was simple and yet somehow electrifying and we did just that. So no one on the Colts was surprised that Mackey proved to be such a fine leader."

"During the meetings that followed his election we started calling Mackey the Dictator," says Kermit Alexander of the Rams, who has worked with Mackey as a player rep and against him as one of the NFL's top defensive backs. "In prior years we would meet for a couple of hours in the morning and after that it was party time. This is true no longer. Last year, at New Orleans, John would have kept us up all night if he'd had to. As it was, we were usually so tired after our last meeting of the evening that it was straight off to bed. Then at our closing meeting he gave a speech that shook everyone up. It was very, very eloquent and reminded us of one of those speeches about achieving success that Vince Lombardi used to make, except this speech got you all goose-pimply. It was about the need to be prepared, to be vigilant, to work hard if we wanted to be successful."

Some of those present may have felt the speech smacked more of Rockne and his "Win one for the Gipper" school of oratory than of Lombardi. Mackey faced his audience brandishing an imaginary football and explained that it was the players who had the ball now, that they should catch it like Roy Jefferson and then run with it like Jimmy Brown or Gale Sayers all the way into the end zone. Whoever his model, it was undeniably effective stuff.

"I felt I had to fire them up, to get them really involved," Mackey said the other day. "The main problem is that football players have always been accustomed to having things done for them. They've been used to being told by coaches and others that this way or that way is the best way. They've traditionally thought owners must know best because that is why they're rich and are owners. But things are changing. The players coming into the league are coming off those same college campuses that have been in revolt against authority. They

have many of the same feelings. The black players of today, like myself, are also much different. When I first came into the league most of the black players were great athletes and nothing more. When I objected to racist practices they'd say, 'Look, that's the way things are. We're lucky to be here.' Now they are proud of being black, they've had more exposure, they're smarter and more militant. Black players aren't going to put up with abuse from coaches and owners with a shrug and a smile anymore. Neither is any rookie. Last year the Colts had a rookie who came over and told me—told *me!*—how to run my pass patterns."

Mackey's oratorical gifts, however latent, may have been inherited from his father, formerly pastor of the Mt. Sinai Baptist Church in Roosevelt, N.Y., now retired in Florida. Mackey is so spell-binding that his associates on the players' executive committee taped his speeches during last year's negotiations and sent cassettes to the various teams. But his executive qualities go beyond speechifying. He is unflappable and he does his homework. "Be prepared and you won't panic" is a favorite Mackey maxim.

"He has the aura and the ego of a great leader," said Bill Curry during a recent reception given to mark the opening of the Players Association's new headquarters in Washington, D.C. "He never makes snap judgments or decisions. He studies someone carefully for hours before deciding what kind of person he is."

"John fooled everyone who didn't know him," says Wilbur, who was not one of Mackey's original backers. "He has a really good feel for people and is a master of good timing. At one point after the players' strike was under way last summer most of us thought that even the five or six weak clubs would be able to stay out on strike for at least another week. But John contacted some of them and, sensing a real weakness, went right to the owners and drove a pretty good bargain. I think if he hadn't done it just when he did the association might have gotten itself involved in an irreparable conflict."

A sense of timing has always been one of Mackey's strong suits. He met Sylvia and liked her early in his freshman year at Syracuse but chose to wait until the football season was over and

off his mind before taking her out. After signing with the Colts he figured once again that it was best to cope with only one new experience at a time and so postponed their wedding until the season was over.

In his senior year at college, Mackey made the dean's list, was named to Phi Kappa Alpha, the scholar-athlete society, and graduated with a B.A. in American studies and political science. A second-round draft choice, he is remembered as the first Colt rookie to turn up for contract talks with a lawyer in tow. Although in college Mackey was a running back as well as an end, the Colts decided to play him exclusively at tight end. He studied game films for hours with Raymond Berry, the foremost student of the art of pass catching, and picked up tips on playing tight end from Jim Mutscheller, then a Colt coach. Mackey learned how to become more deceptive by constantly varying the number of steps he took before cutting, how to change the pattern of his fakes so they wouldn't become predictable, to determine whether a defender was left- or right-handed and thus know from which side he was most likely to be clobbered by a scything forearm. Mackey was such a good student that he was the only rookie to play in the Pro Bowl after the 1963 season.

Even today Mackey constantly drills on situations that are likely to come up in a game. In one drill he will catch sideline passes while endeavoring to keep his feet inbounds. In another he will have someone throw a ball to him while he has any number of neighborhood kids, or a couple of his own, clinging to his arms, legs or shoulders.

"If you practice these things until they become second nature," Mackey says, "then they won't bother you when they suddenly come up in a game. I don't have to worry about keeping my feet inbounds or about a defender hanging on my back. I can concentrate on catching the ball."

"About the only weakness Mackey has as a receiver is that he sometimes loses concentration when he has to wait too long for the ball after his cut," says Unitas. "That's when he's most likely to drop it. He likes it to be there right away so he can grab it and go."

Mackey's devotion to detail is well complemented by his natural gifts. He is reasonably big—6' 2", 224 pounds—

continued



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very strong and exceptionally fast for a tight end.

"When Mackey came into the league he was the first tight end who had it all," says Kermit Alexander. "Guys like Ron Kramer, Mike Ditka and Monty Stickles were big and strong but they weren't that fast. John had size, hands and speed. Now all tight ends in the NFL, college and high school tend to be patterned after Mackey. The problem with covering a big man is that you have to cheat a little in order to be able to see around him to the quarterback. If he's fast this can become very risky. Johnny Unitas and Mackey used to run an option on me. If I was running alongside Mackey he would cut one way or the other and Unitas would wait for the cut. If I played between him and the scrimmage line Unitas would lob the ball over both our heads and let Mackey run under it."

After years of playing together, Unitas and Mackey are able to communicate with each other in a number of ways while a play is in progress. "If I'm cutting for a pass and Unitas throws it

hard and low and behind me," says Mackey. "I know this means I'm closely covered, that I should grab the ball and hang on tight because I'm about to be whumped hard. If my route is across the center but I see that the center is jammed up, I know that I can cut back to the outside and that the ball will be waiting for me on the cut. Unitas has seen the same thing. O.K.? Now, if he throws me one of those high, soft passes I know I'm completely in the clear, that I should just catch it and take off."

Given this rapport, it is not at all surprising that the ball is thrown to Mackey a great deal of the time. In 1967, despite the presence of Berry, Willie Richardson, Ray Perkins and Jimmy Orr, he caught 55 passes. In 1968 Perkins, Orr and Richardson were still around, but Mackey led the club in receptions with 45. In 1969 he caught 34 passes and in 1970, the half-speed, part-time year, Mackey made 28 catches as well as the controversial 75-yard tipped-pass touchdown play that tied the score at 6-6 in the Colts' not-so-Super Bowl victory over the Dallas Cowboys.

But the Colt offense depends a great deal upon Mackey even when he isn't catching the ball. He blocks the defensive end or the outside linebacker to make the sweep work. He releases inside to pulverize the middle linebacker on runs up the middle. He serves as a decoy to clear out pass-defense areas and thus open up the bomb to Wide Receivers Eddie Hinton and Perkins or the swing pass to Tom Matte coming out of the backfield.

Considering his enormous value to the team, the home-town reaction to his limping, sluggish 1970 early-season form was predictable. "The fans booed me to death," says Mackey. "I could hear them yelling from the stands 'Get that s.o.b. out of there!' or 'Go negotiate, Mackey!' I had a dream before the home game against Miami that someone was going to shoot me down as I ran out of the tunnel and out onto the field. I even sneaked a look into the stands as I ran out to make sure no one was up there with a gun."

If Mackey's experiences on the field had a nightmare quality, what he had to cope with off the field at the season's end was something out of Gilbert and Sullivan by Kafka. The oral agreement between the owners and the players that had been reached in August 1970 was

apparently being regarded by the owners as little better than a rough first draft. Suddenly they wished to make numerous changes, some of them major, before affixing their signatures. Throughout the winter there were threats and counter-threats, all-night meetings and acrimonious quarrels, during which Mackey had to speak for the players and keep them informed and unified. On March 5 the owners withdrew their requested alterations, and a joint announcement was issued stating that the contract had finally been put into official language and signed.

"The National Football League owners are happy this bargaining agreement has been officially concluded," intoned Tex Schramm, general manager of the Dallas Cowboys and the chief negotiator for the owners. "For the next three years we can concentrate on the competition on the playing field, which is what we believe the fans are really interested in."

But the agreement had not been officially concluded after all. Mackey had signed for the Players Association, but the owners' committee would not sign. More threats and counterthreats, all-night meetings and quarrels followed. The owners finally signed the agreement on June 17, but only after the Players Association had filed a charge of unfair labor practices with the National Labor Relations Board that would undoubtedly have been resolved in favor of the players.

"We are trying to establish good and friendly relations with the owners, but we are far from being on a honeymoon," said Mackey not long ago as he stretched out on his bunk at the Colt training camp at Western Maryland College. "What each owner is going to have to learn somehow is that the club whose players have been treated well has that important edge when it gets to fourth and one. Carroll Rosenbloom has almost always been a fair man to deal with, and that's one reason why I think we have done so well year after year. Everyone is really up this year, which doesn't always happen. We have a few little problems to solve, but the defense looks very solid. Earl Morrall is paying well, and Unitas looks to me to be completely recovered from his ruptured Achilles' tendon. If we can fill in the little holes there will be no holding us. I just feel this is going to be another Super Bowl year."

END

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This year Penn State's play-by-play football announcer, **Fran Fisher**, is going to have his hands full, not to mention his mouth. The roster includes **Carl Schaefer**, **John Skarzynski**, **Charlie Zupiec**, **Jack Koniszewski** and **John Skorupan**. Fisher might practice by reciting, "Joe Paterno picked a peck of polysyllabic players."

Gimmick-of-the-Month Award goes to **Tom Diskin**, who works hard at promoting dog races at Pueblo Greyhound Park in Colorado. Browsing through a couple of telephone directories, Diskin came across 14 famous name-alikes, including **Ted Williams**, **Bill Russell**, **Manuel Ortiz** and **Richie Allen**, whom he promptly invited to a "celebrity" evening at the races. None of his counterfeiter sports personalities turned up, but he landed the biggest, hardest-to-get prize of all, **Howard Hughes**, a fire fighter from Colorado Springs.

Alex Hawkins, former Baltimore Colt, got invited up to the mountains of northern Georgia, where Warner Bros. is filming **James Dickie's Deliverance**, which stars another ex-football player named **Burt Reynolds**. The producers must have decided one football player was enough, because Hawkins didn't get a part in the film. Later he explained why. "Director Boorman decided I wasn't tough enough for the role. He must have seen me play football."

Someone's always trying to puncture **President Nixon's** efforts in behalf of the common folk. Take bicycles. Up to the White House rolled 16 young cyclists who had just pedaled 3,617 miles from Seattle to Washington. The President, after confessing that he was no great shakes on a two-wheeler when he was a kid, lauded the youngsters for their feat. Then along

came grumpy **H. A. Shapiro** of New York's *Tout New* to take issue with the President. "Cycling," said Shapiro, "offends the environment. They are just substituting B.O. for pollution."

♦ Here is **Red Dog** riding down the San Bernardino Freeway, as is his wont, with Electronics Engineer **John Miller**, his owner, when along comes the California Highway Patrol, which cites Miller for carrying an "unsafe load, a dog standing on its hind legs astride the seat, its front paws on the shoulder of the motorcycle operator." The "unsafe load," alias **Red Dog**, half chow, half German shepherd, frequently wears a red-orange and white scarf, leather flying helmet and goggles to promote his image as a carefree backseat driver. He and Miller have been cycling thus for five years now and, though obviously a ham, the dog refused to pose for photographers, reporters or the judge at his arraignment in Alhambra Municipal Court. Said Miller: "I felt like turning him into a rug."

High-ho citation to New York's Mayor **John V. Lindsay**, the lately turned Democrat, who spent his vacation hiking and riding at the 10,000-foot level in the Rockies. Chiding with reporters

one day, he allowed as how this lofty interlude probably represented the "peak" of his political career.

Mirror-Mirror-on-the-Wall Award to **Alex Karras**, who once called **Tom Matie** of the Baltimore Colts nothing but "a garbage-can runner." Karras, who has become something of a superstar on TV talk shows and commercials, recently spent several hours at the Detroit Lion training camp filming a new ad on guys what? Plastic refuse bags. Over to you, Matie.

Not since **Lady Bird Johnson** took an interest in the greening of America has anyone made so noble and selfless a gesture to freshen the environment as that of **Governor Bruce King** of New Mexico. The chief executive recently asked his tourist bureau to dress up the new state road map by replacing his photograph on it with "some beautiful and attractive scene."

Milton Berle's feelings were a bit wounded when only four out of 20 Los Angeles Dodgers showed up to use the free tickets he offered them for his performance in the St. Louis Opera's production of *Two By Two*. Insult was added to injury a few days later when Uncle Miltie was

introduced to **Bobby Bonds** of the San Francisco Giants, who mistook Berle for Jack Benny—asking things like, "How's your old car?" and "Is that a cheap cigar?" Berle came back at Bonds, sometimes known as Super-shill, with a high, hard one:



"Yeah, well, who's got the major league record for strikeouts?"

♦ The first Milk Carton Boat Race, held recently at Minneapolis' Lake Calhoun during Minneapolis' Aquatennial, drew 1,200 entrants and attracted an estimated 20,000 spectators. Rules required that the flotation of the boats must be provided by milk cartons held together by wood, string and glue. Most spectacular entry was the 50-by-516-foot job constructed by John Gamme and friends out of 2,600 cartons and padded galley style by 37 rowers. Said **Alvin Holtheim** (not Holstein) of the sponsoring Milk Foundation, "Our slogan was EVERYBODY SINGS MILK." A little wood, string and glue helps, too.



New bats and arms in the box score

In these expensive days of 600 major league baseball players on 24 teams, only the poor eyestrain victims who proofread box scores for *The Sporting News* can hope to keep track of everybody. Gus Fan no sooner gets it straight that Vida Blue is a lefty from Louisiana than up sneaks some Latin named Montanez to rank fifth in homers in the National League. Or Wilbur Whatsaname to win consistently for the White Sox with only a catnap between starts. Who are the men behind these new, and some not quite so new, bats and arms? Are they hotstickmakers or linguists or just plain ballplayers? All three, as it turns out.

Willie Montanez—all the majors need as another Willie—is a flamboyant Puerto Rican who plays center field for Philadelphia. Never known as a long-ball hitter in six minor league seasons, he had 25 homers and 81 RBIs through Sunday. The club got him last year from St. Louis as compensation for the defection of Curt Flood to Denmark. "You mean to say they got him off a take-your-pack player list?" asked shocked Cub Manager Leo Durocher. "Does Willie have a younger brother, or even an older brother?"

Wilbur Wood, a relief pitcher for the

White Sox since 1967 but now suddenly a splendid starter, has an ERA of 2.06, second best in the American League, and 17 wins. While pitching eight times with only two days rest between starts in a recent stretch, he was 7-1 and completed all eight games. He can do it because he almost always throws an easy, accurate knuckleball he developed as a kid in Belmont, Mass. Says Pitching Coach Johnny Sain, "I don't have to do much for this man except buy him a cigar after a win."

Another in Sain's stable, Tom Bradley (13-10, 2.76 ERA), is a classical-language student at the University of Maryland. Very nearsighted, he hovers over his cardplaying teammates, peering intently at their hands, so they've nicknamed him The Fly, and Catcher Tom Egan even distributed flyswatters in the clubhouse.

Earl Williams, who has been Atlanta's regular catcher since early July and has hit 25 home runs, says, "My favorite position is batting." With Henry Aaron, he gives the Braves the best 1-2 power package in either league. Signed out of Montclair, N.J., as a pitcher, he has played every position but second base in his six-year pro career—and he is just three quarters away from his degree at Ithaca College. Baiting Instructor Eddie Mathews is still working with this Rookie of the Year candidate on one serious problem—his home-run trot. At least once Earl was watching the ball so intently he almost missed first base.

San Diego's Dave Roberts, 26, who has an apprentice hotstickmaker's card and one of the best left arms in the National League, had a 2.04 ERA through Sunday, second only to Tom Seaver in the league. He won 18 games in the International League in 1968, but when

he joined the Padres in 1969 his arm was so sore he "couldn't throw the ball 60 feet." A combination of ultrasound treatments and off-season pitching has made the arm ultrasound again.

Matty Patton, 11-13 and 2.90 ERA for the hapless Milwaukee Brewers, didn't get much of a chance when he was with the California Angels, but he didn't have such a good slider then. Or such good control. "The slider has become my bread-and-butter pitch," he says. As his record has improved, he has relied less on the Donald Duck imitation that was once his stock-in-trade. On the Brewer network last year he answered every question with quacks.

Righthander Dick Drago, only in his third season, is making a strong effort to become the first pitcher in Kansas City's 16-year major league history to win more than 16 games. As of Sunday he had 15. His fastball is not scary, but his control is exceptional, and he has the knack of making batters hit the ball on the ground. Said Manager Bob Lemon, "It takes a lot of singles, and most of them are ground singles, to get a man around against Drago."

O.K., Gus Fan, any more questions?

THE WEEK

NL EAST MONTRÉAL enjoyed perhaps the best week in its brief major league history. The Expos returned home to fan-filled Jerry Park after a successful West Coast trip, beat the Giants three times and extended their winning streak to seven. When Second Baseman Ron Hunt was hit by a pitch for the 34th time this season (his 161st career walk), he slapped Padre Catcher Bob Barton—after prudently rip-



DAVE ROBERTS, 2.04 ERA



EARL WILLIAMS, 25 HRs



WILBUR WOOD, 17 WINS



WILLIE MONTANEZ, 81 RBIs

peng off Barton's mask—and touched off a brawl. Although Ferguson Jenkins was deservedly getting most of the attention (page 12), Milt Pappas was helping CUBS, too, winning his 15th game of the season. The well-trodden Pappas gave Leo Durocher partial credit: "In Leo, I found somebody who had faith in me after all." Not so faith-inspiring is Joe Pepitone's new purple motorcycle, which he parks outside Durocher's office door. "A monster," Leo calls it. Roberto Clemente missed four games because of a sore shoulder, opposing lefties were causing problems and PITTSBURGH's division lead shrank to 4½ games. "Willie Stargoff's been carrying it all year, and now that his shoulders have gotten tired, it's up to somebody to take over," said First Baseman Bob Robertson. As the Pirates began a road trip with their losses in four games, that somebody was a player to be named later. It was an embarrassing week for the PHILADELPHIA mound staff until Woodie Fryman beat the Dodgers with a five-hit effort and stopped the Phils' losing streak at five. Earlier, Chris Short pulled a leg muscle against L.A. and left to the accompaniment of boos. In a 7-0 loss to the Giants, control-minded Rick Wise walked three batters in the third inning and wound up suffering his fifth defeat. Worst of all, rookie Ken Reynolds in one inning walked a man, hit another and threw two wild pitches in a 5-1 loss. "The only thing I missed was a balk," he grumped. ST. LOUIS lost five in a row and was cheered up only by Joe Torre's 200th career homer. "My first home run was in a losing game, and my 100th home run was in a losing game," he said. "At least I won't have to worry about No. 300... for a couple more years." NEW YORK, drawing well despite being out of contention, was trying to buy slugger Nate Colbert from the Padres.

PITTS 74-84 PHI 68-87 ST. L 88-86
NY 82-82 PHIL 65-70 MONT 82-75

NL WEST Jim Merritt stayed out of the record books Saturday when he pitched CINCINNATI to a 6-3 win over the Pirates—and he is happy about that. A fins would have made him 0-12, tying a league mark. Last year he was the first Red leftlander in 46 years to win 20 games. Fourth-place MONSTON was pleased with Jack Billingham's first win since July 16, which was also his first complete game since June 9 and his first shutout this season, period (he beat the Cubs 3-0). "I was trying to pitch too fine," he said, crediting Pitching Coach Jim Owens with convincing him to just throw strikes instead of trying to hit the corners. Why does SAN DIEGO have such a miserable record? Pitching is certainly not to blame. In games in which the Padres got two runs or more, their record was 44-46. In games in which they got less

than two runs, their record was 3-35. The club is fifth in the league in pitching, lost in almost everything else. Henry Aaron moved past Ty Cobb into fourth place on the all-time RBI list (he now has 1,935), but ATLANTA's week was spoiled somewhat by a bitter argument in the dugout between Manager Luman Harris and Pitcher Ron Reed, who objected to being replaced by a pinch hitter. They apparently ironed out their differences in a meeting later. "We don't need any internal problems like this down the stretch," said Reed. Claude Osteen won his 12th game for LOS ANGELES, but he was almost as proud of his hitting. "I got new contact lenses about six weeks ago, and I'm seeing the ball better than ever," he bragged. Osteen, Al Downing and Don Sutton have shots at winning 20. "If we have three 20-game winners," said Claude, "I'll guarantee you we won't finish second." Although SAN FRANCISCO stumbled in Montreal, Catcher Dick Dierke remained confident. "We'll win it," he said. "We've been counted out so many times, but our pitchers are hotter than most people think."

SF 74-84 LA 87-82 ATL 87-83
HOUS 82-84 CIN 82-86 SD 47-87

AL EAST Mickey Lolich was so certain he'd win his 20th game against the Brewers Saturday that he bought six bottles of champagne on the way to the ball park. Sure enough, DETROIT won and the corks popped. "This was more rewarding than winning three games in the World Series," he said. "Winning three in the Series was the result only of a hot week and a half. Winning 20 is something that takes a whole season, and that's more satisfying." Especially for a guy who lost 19 last year. Everybody in BOSTON had a different reason for the team's disappointing performance so far. Carl Yastrzemski blamed himself: "It's eating my insides that we could have won this pennant if I had done better." "The defense is killing us," said First Baseman George Scott. "We lacked a stopper," said Manager Eddie Kasko. At least the Red Sox can brag they've beaten Vida Vada-Who twice this year. WASHINGTON broke out of its slump, knocked out 56 hits and scored 37 runs in winning four of five games. The four victories were all complete-game efforts, by Bill Gogolewski, Pete Brubaker, Dick Bosman and Denny McLain. CLEVELAND fans were staying away in such numbers that the club probably will have its lowest attendance in eight years and second lowest since 1945. Not only that, Manager John Lipon had a big, ugly lump under his right eye. He was taking a drink at the water fountain between innings, a ball flew in, rattled around and hit him on the cheek. Jim Palmer

er won his 14th game for BALTIMORE and his fifth in a row. The Birds blew one when Catcher Elbie Hendricks let a punch go by him because he lost it in the lights—in the corner-field parking lot. "Some guy in his car with the lights on kept backing up and pulling forward," he explained. Even Manager Ralph Houk was surprised when he found out that NEW YORK has won more games than the cross-town Mets in the last four years. One cheerful note, anyway.

BALT 76-86 DET 87-88 HOUS 87-80
NY 83-84 WASH 82-72 CLEV 85-78

AL WEST Vida Blue wasn't too blue after his 1-0 loss to Boston's Gary Peters, making his record 22-5. "I'm over the pressure of winning 20," said the OAKLAND ace. "Losing a 1-0 game hurts, but you've got to give credit to the other pitcher." Big news of the week for the A's was their meeting with President Nixon, who told Vida he was "the most underpaid player in baseball" at about \$13,000. CHICAGO wasn't pleased over another Nixon pronouncement: that rooting for the White Sox was like rooting for the Senators. "He should check the records before he makes statements like that," said Catcher Tom Egan, brandishing a flyswatter. "He's talking about next year's world champions." Indeed, the CHICAGO have risen from the basement to third place and last week extended their win streak to six before losing to the Indians. Umpires made life tough for SEATTLE. The Brewers played 10 games under protest because the officials would not allow Outfielder Jose Cardenal to use a Japanese bat, presumably a Yokohama Slugger. And Manager Dave Bristol drew a six-day suspension and a \$150 fine for arguing too strenuously with Umpire Art Frantz. CALIFORNIA Board Chairman Gene Autry gave Manager Lefty Phillips and General Manager Dick Walsh votes of confidence, which might mean they'll soon be out golfing with Alvin Dark. Rudy May looked good shutting out the Yanks, and Phillips gave him a vote of confidence: "Rudy's got as good stuff as there is in the league." MINNESOTA's Jim Perry won his 12th game on June 30. Then he made 11 futile tries for No. 13. He finally cleared the hurdle last week, 8-5 against Baltimore. He was spurred on by a pregame telegram from his dog, Stoke, and Stoke's trainer. "They said they knew I could do it," revealed Jim. "I've been leading kind of a dog's life anyway recently." Cookie Rojas of KANSAS CITY probably will miss the rest of the season because of a hairline fracture of the fibula of his right leg. He was batting .300, sixth best in the league.

OAK 81-48 KC 86-83 PHI 83-64
CAL 82-88 MINN 82-86 MIL 52-72



SNEAKING UP ON A SNACK SET OUT FOR A MONSTER, A POSSCAT TRIPS OFF THE SHUTTER AND SNAPS A SELF-PORTRAIT

He's big! He's bashful! He smells bad!

Ever since some wide-eyed Neanderthal stumbled upon the first mammoth, man has been a shivering moth drawn with fascination to a monster's flame. Borne in most of us is the urge to seek out some hairy, two-headed beast—perhaps breathing fire and just waiting to leap forth and pour icy ebullience down our spines—and then, when the beast turns to flee, on trembling legs to follow. Beautiful. Unfortunately, the Top 10 of Weirdo Creatures has dwindled to a few. Abominable Snowmen, several sea serpents in Scotland, a handful of hairy humanoids in Oregon and an occasional huge, undefined blob that washes up on some distant shore. But monster fans need not give up the game, not when the Great Skunk Ape of South Florida is emerging. And never mind if it is a five-foot, skinny-armed, otherwise overweight monster, one apparently racked by mange and smelling like an old garbage dump.

At the moment no one knows from where the skunk ape came, whether it is an overgrown chimp that escaped from an old *Tarzan* movie set, or an orangutan that fled a bankrupt Wild West show near Fort Lauderdale, or perhaps just a little monkey greatly magnified by imagination.

Horner C. Osborn, an amateur archaeologist, claims he and four others first spotted the odorous beast somewhere in the Everglades some time ago. The five, all members of the Peninsula Archaeological Society, were out exploring ancient ruins, just where they don't care

to pinpoint. They have asked for Government funds to capture the beast.

But there have been previous reports. Last year a young man and his girl were enjoying the late-night view while parked a few miles west of Fort Lauderdale. The young man left the car, strolled 100 yards—and was belted unconscious. "I'm almost six feet tall," he later told police. "And the last thing I remember is looking up at this great shadowy thing." Later, an 18-year-old youth also reported spotting a large hairy beast in the general area, and recently Sergeant Harry Rowe, a Davies, Fla. policeman, said he had seen a similar beast a long time back but had remained silent lest everyone think he was crazy.

And then two weeks ago Connie Hughes, age six and minus her top front teeth, was sitting on the steps of her family's mobile home in the King's Manor Estates trailer park on State Road 84, a two-lane, high-speed death trap, part of which is called Alligator Alley. The trailer park is bounded to the north and south by thick orange groves, and to the east and west by woods and pastureland. The eastern edge of the park ends at a 30-foot-wide murky canal. The compact collection of 200 mobile homes is roughly nine miles west of Fort Lauderdale in the middle of nowhere.

Except for her 11-year-old brother, Stephen, who was inside the trailer, Connie was alone. It was just a little after six. Connie looked up, saw the beast on all fours near several garbage cans, and screamed. When she screamed the an-

imal stood up, and then she saw a smaller one.

Stephen opened the door and hauled his sister inside. Then he yelled and clapped his hands. The beast and the little one nonchalantly turned and headed south into the underbrush just a few yards away.

"It was bigger than daddy," said Connie. "One was white and one was black."

"One was brown and one was gray with spots," said Stephen. "And they smelled so bad they made us sick."

Daddy, six-foot Stephen Hughes Sr., told a trailer-park guard, who called the Florida Highway Patrol.

Sighing, Patrol Dispatcher Karen Jones passed on the information to the Broward County sheriff's office, which passed it on to the county's Rabies Control unit. Having no one to pass it on to, that agency gave it to Officer Henry Ring, a 34-year-old Air Force veteran from New Jersey. South Jersey most likely. There is a rebel flag tattoo on his right forearm. While Ring was heading for the park, Lee Garen, Broward County bureau chief of Miami radio station WGBS, was calling Mrs. Jones. "What's happening?" asked Garen.

"Nothing's happening," replied Mrs. Jones. "They're all out chasing a big monkey."

"A big what?" Then Garen grabbed his .38 revolver and a camera and jumped into his car, heading in toward the trailer park.

"When I arrived," said Officer Ring, "half the park was running around car-

ying guns. They were going to start a war, I think. Garen and I and four others—one of them packing a .44 Magnum on each hip—searched the area. We found nothing but a bunch of strange tracks, like someone was walking around on his knuckles. The next night we stayed out until six a.m. Again, nothing. Then I talked to a Mrs. King, and she said she not only saw the critter but had fed, petted and been scratched by the smaller one."

Mrs. Elda King, her husband Bob and their two toy poodles live in an \$18,000, custom-built trailer on the eastern edge of the park. She drives a catering truck; he drives a freight truck. She is excited by the apes; he is bored with them. "Every time I come home there's some kind of jazz," he says. "Now it's apes and orangutans. I'll get a gun and shoot the bums."

Describing the encounter, Mrs. King said she thought someone was at the door of the trailer early one evening. She opened it and found herself confronting a large, hairy beast. It was three feet away. She closed the door. "Then I rolled open the window and looked at it. It was about six feet tall; gray, with splashes and sores all over it. Wow." Arming herself with a plate of food and a .22 revolver, Mrs. King decided to lure the animal within range. About 7:45 p.m. the small one showed up.

"It was cute," she said. "I sat down beside it while it was eating and petted it. But the third time I touched it, there was this deep growl, like a big bullfrog, from the bushes. It made the little one mad. It reached over and dug its nails into my ankle and took off. I was think-

ing about grabbing it and running for the trailer—but I figured no trailer would stop its mommy or daddy."

One night last week a new posse formed. There was a writer from New York, a photographer from Atlanta, a Davies cop named Ben and his wife, Officer Ring and Garen, plus assorted friends. Ring, who was off the ape hunt officially but now out on his own, borrowed Mrs. King's .22 and climbed a tree near her trailer.

"He's nuts," said Mrs. King. "If that ape heads up the tree, he had better get off six quick shots. That thing'll tear him up."

Meanwhile, Officer Ring was thinking: "What am I doing up here with only a .22?"

In the trailer, Bob King—armed only with a glass of bourbon—laughed. "That ape won't show. There's enough people out there to ear the rascal. He's off in the woods worrying about getting himself barbecued."

Indeed, none of the apes showed.

The next night, Mrs. King set up a trap by the canal. Not at all sure what monsters might eat, she put out a platter containing three pounds of raw hamburger, some sour plums, lettuce, cantaloupe, avocado and, as a final attraction, a dash of Cool Whip dessert topping. The area around the bait was raked clean and the photographer rigged a triggering device. A few hours later, something snapped the shutter. There—frozen in the camera's flash—was a pussycat. The cat stalked off in disgust.

But cat or no cat, Sergeant Carl Holden, who is in charge of the Burns De-

continued

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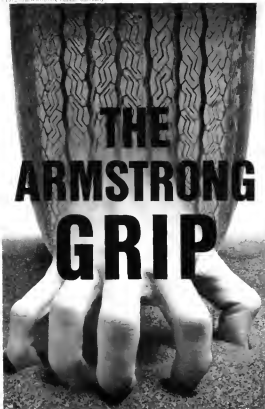
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NATURE

ective Agency unit which patrols the park, said he was by now a believer. "We heard him early one morning. And it ain't what you think. What kind of animal pounds its chest? I put it in my log book. The damn thing sent ice cubes down my back."

The next night the posse, steadily growing, was back at the King trailer. Garen came armed with his wife and the .38 in a shoulder holster. "I don't like all this darkness," he said. "My mother used to jump out of the dark at me with a sheet over her head. I've been afraid of it ever since. You know, Mrs. King, you remind me of my mother."

"Yeah," said Mrs. Garen. "She's nuts."

"Cut that out," protested Mrs. King. "I've been trying to stop stories like that. Did you hear that guy on the radio? He made me sound like some kind of a yo-yo. Like I had been playing too much football without my helmet. Where's Henry Ring? Henry, you boulder, you stop growling up there like an ape or I'll really fix you."

Then Robert Musser, an ambulance driver until he totaled out a new ambulance a few months ago and became a Burns patrolman, came to the Kings' trailer to report that he had almost shot their ape at sunrise that morning.

"And, man, did he stink! Phew," said Musser.

"That's the mangle," said Ring. "The vet at the Miami zoo told me that."

"Yeah," said Musser. "Well, if it's gonna hang around here, I hope it takes a bath."

About 11 p.m. Musser was investigating an overturned garbage can when he spotted something at the southern edge of the woods. He pulled out his .38 and headed into the dark thicket of trees and underbrush. Mrs. King grabbed her .22 and went after him. Bob King yawned and climbed atop his trailer to adjust the TV antenna. The writer from New York sighed and followed Musser and Mrs. King into the woods. Garen drew his .38 and stayed under a street light.

"There's something!" said Musser, dropping to one knee, aiming the .38 into the inky night and touching it off. A few moments later Mrs. King's .22 popped. "That does it," said the writer from New York. "Goodbye." And unlike the Great Skunk Ape, he hasn't been seen in the area since.

END

Marty just might be the man

Steadying down—and coming up stronger at 29—relatively unknown Marty Riessen may be the best bet for a U.S. victory at Forest Hills

As the time for Forest Hills nears, there is a growing feeling that the best hope for a U.S. victory rests not with Arthur Ashe (who was the last U.S. player to win, in 1968), or Stan Smith or Cliff Richey or Clark Graebner, but with a bowlegged, 29-year-old ex-basketball player named Marty Riessen.

While Riessen is not really what one could call an unknown, he does have some remarkably hazy credentials. For example, he was never ranked better than fifth as an amateur and he was never once trusted with an important Davis Cup assignment. He has spent most of his career as nothing more than what he calls "a good quarterfinalist." Still, if any American seems to have a chance of beating John Newcombe, it would be Marty Riessen.

If it is too much for one to accept that Riessen is tops on the U.S. list, one surely will shudder further to learn that Forest Hills—which begins Sept. 1—is no longer the premier event in the nation. There were as many top players at Fort Worth last week, in just a routine World Championship of Tennis tournament, as there will be for the U.S. Open. And what happened at Fort Worth? Well, a guy named Rod Laver, who had not won a tournament in three months, upset Marty Riessen in the finals 2-6, 6-4, 3-6, 7-5, 6-3.

For the competitors the genuine championship in this country will not be decided on the playing fields of Forest Hills but rather on the temporary courts of Madison Square Garden, where the WCT playoff finals are scheduled Nov. 26.

Part of the reason for the Open's devaluation is the fact that many of the best WCT players are skipping Forest Hills. There is nothing political in their actions. It is simply that the Open means playing two weeks on bad grass for a relatively small amount of prize money that must be split with women players and New York cabbidrivs. Besides, since Forest Hills falls between open dates on

the WCT schedule, a player who passes up the Open can put together a full month of vacation and come back well-rested for the tour's final six point tournaments and the playoffs.

"The whole thing is the points," Riessen says. "They have saved it for me and changed everything. You don't even hear guys talking money anymore. Everybody talks points."

The WCT system is simple enough for each of its 29 tournaments, the champion earns 10 points, the runner-up seven, on down to one point for winning a first-round match. At the end of the year the top eight pointmen qualify for the \$100,000 playoffs, and throughout the year seedings are based strictly on points. Reputation, gate appeal or the size of a guarantee don't count here. Rod Laver was seeded fourth in WCT because Rod Laver was fourth in points.

Riessen is now seventh in the standings and almost guaranteed a playoff spot. "If it weren't for the points, I would never be seeded," he says. "A guy is not supposed to get better at 29 or 30, so people like Emerson and Gimeno with their old reputations would still be ahead of me."

Before Lamar Hunt put his mobile Babel on the road, tennis was a world that honored certain special spheres of influence. Only occasionally would the best players from various sections of the globe have to face off against each other. The talent was spread thin, which was fine for the players at the top, who never faced a tough opponent until the quarterfinals, and the money also was spread thin—and under the table—which was dandy for the promoters. As late as 1967 a player like Riessen had to scuffle for \$300 a week. So far in 1971 he has made \$50,000 and he has a good chance to reach \$75,000.

Riessen is seeded sixth, third among Americans, at Forest Hills. Arthur Ashe is just ahead of him in WCT points, but since Riessen knocked him out of

Wimbledon, Ashe has failed to last past the quarterfinals in six straight tournaments. Riessen's other U.S. competitor is the Wimbledon runner-up, Private Stan Smith. The two have not met this year, but Marty took him the last time they faced each other last fall.

Riessen has always been a spoiler, an embarrassment to high-seeder wanted to draw in an early round. "Even when things were the worst for me," he says, "I always knew the others respected me. I knew the big names didn't want to have to play me." His career is a succession of mammoth upsets followed by thundering collapses. Even this year—after he beat Ashe at Wimbledon—Riessen promptly rolled over and played dead for one Don Purton of New Zealand.

A few weeks after that Riessen beat Laver and Newcombe on successive days in Teheran and then won the tournament over the best young player (and the fastest server) on the tour, Australian John Alexander. This is his best sustained streak ever, and for all 1971 he holds six victories over Newcombe and La-

continued



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TENNIS *continued*

ver—three apiece—which accounts for 35% of their WCT defeats. Still, whenever Riessen wins a big one, everybody seems to assume that the opponent was off. Offering what amounts to the consensus, Ashe says, "Marty's so sound, he's always in shape, and he just works his tail off all the time. He can beat any player who isn't at his very best."

Riessen, the son of a teaching tennis pro, was a high school basketball scoring sensation and a skinny, 6' 1" starting playmaker for three years at Northwestern. During that time—for seven years, 1961-67, altogether—he also was a perennial spare on the Davis Cup team.

While Riessen never got a chance, every captain wanted him around because he brought qualities of cooperation and team spirit that were seldom displayed by the individual heroes. For the same reasons Riessen has always been a valued doubles partner—first as a teen-ager with Chuck McKinley, then with Clark Graebner, now with his close friend, Tom Okker, the Dutch firefly. Okker and Riessen are now the top WCT doubles team.

Still, through most of the decade, Riessen could never advance his own personal cause and, with failing confidence, he drifted through the horse latitudes of the USLTA realm. At last, after he and Graebner blew a 6-0, 5-2 lead to lose the doubles to Ecuador in 1967, Riessen wanted out. He turned pro in 1968.

Riessen turned his master's degree at Northwestern by writing a thesis on what makes champions. He solicited the opinions of many coaches. "Maybe I was subconsciously looking for the answers to apply to myself," Riessen says. "You see, I think in typing me as the guy who never won the big match, people instilled that thought in me. And let's face it: I never did win the big match. When it got close near the end any good player would start to work on my forehand."

Improvements in his forehand and serve—which Riessen attributes to switching to a lighter racket—are part of the reason for his sudden success. But he also believes that he has found a new mental and physical maturity. Nevertheless, since his whole record is one of unpredictability, it is difficult to figure out how Riessen will fare in the Open. With Ashe far off form and Laver a late scratch, Newcombe becomes an even more solid choice. Especially if he is lucky enough to stay well clear of Riessen in the draw.

END

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1 oz. lemon juice, tsp. sugar, 2 oz. White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum. Shake with ice and pour unstrained into tall glass.

3 Rum Punch

Into a punch bowl over a block of ice or ice cubes, pour 1 qt. orange juice, 1 qt. pineapple juice (unsweetened), 1 qt. club soda, 6 oz. lime juice, 1 qt. White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum, sweeten to taste. Serves 25.

4 Rum Screwdriver

In a highball glass with ice cubes, pour 1 oz. White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum. Fill glass with orange juice. Or try it on-the-rocks in an Old Fashioned glass.

5 Rum and Bitter Lemon

Use 1½ oz. White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum, add ice and Bitter Lemon mix.

6 Rum Gimlet

1 part Gimlet lime juice (sweetened); 4 parts White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum over an ice cube in a large cocktail glass, stir. Float a thin slice of lime on top (optional).

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Into a large glass pitcher pour juice of 5 limes (5 oz.); add 3 scant tablespoons of sugar (or one can of Frozen Daiquiri Mix); stir; add 15 oz. of White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum. Add ice cubes until pitcher is three-quarters full; stir well. Serves 10.

8 Rum and Tonic

1½ oz. White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum in highball glass, ice cubes; fill with tonic water; add a squeeze of lime or lemon.



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A thoroughbred can of worms

It could have been a dream field: Hoist The Flag, Canonero II, Jim French, Eastern Fleet, Executioner, Unconscious, His Majesty, Dynastic, Impetuosity, Twist The Axe, Bold Reasoning and Salem, all together in a 1¼-mile race for 3-year-olds on the ancient track at Saratoga. The only trouble with the dream at last week's Travers was that, for one reason or another (and sometimes for several), none of these top 3-year-olds of 1971 even got to the starting gate.

That left the old race (this was its 102nd running) to William Levin's Bold Reason, a bay son of Hail to Reason and Lalun, who is the only legitimate survivor of the demanding winter and spring classics. He had been a fast-closing third in the Kentucky Derby, fifth in the Preakness, third again in the Belmont Stakes and had won five straight races in the weeks before the Travers when the rigors of competition had made the rest of the 3-year-old division collapse like a house of playing cards in front of an electric fan. Bold Reason made the Travers a good race, one obviously won by the best horse.

Bold Reason had campaigned so successfully since the Belmont, winning on turf and dirt and increasing his lifetime earnings to \$304,082, that Levin and Trainer Angel Penna are seriously thinking of sending him to Paris in the fall to run in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. He would be challenging Paul Mellon's prestigious English-trained 3-year-old, Mill Reef, who has already been made a 3-to-2 favorite for France's October classic. "This colt seems to do so many things so well," says Penna, "that I have to believe he would have a chance over there."

The Travers was not all that easy for Bold Reason, but his victory was convincing enough. It was helped by a masterful job by his Panamanian jockey, Laffit Pincay Jr., a rider of such exceptional poise and skill that he is al-

ready being compared to Bill Shoemaker. At the start the Queen's Plate winner, Kennedy Road, shot off to an eight-length lead, but Pincay stayed snugly in fourth position. The pacesetters tired at the far turn, and Bold Reason took over. He opened a two-length lead at the eighth pole, but then tried to pull himself up. Pincay alertly kept the colt together and guided him under the wire a winner by three-quarters of a length over West Coast Scout.

Impressive as he was, Bold Reason was upstaged at Saratoga by one of the missing colts, Jim French. A consistent performer who was almost always in the money and who has won \$394,701, Jim French seemed to find time to rest only when Trainer Johnny Campo was shipping him somewhere on an airplane. But on Travers day he was under house arrest. Racing officials, looking into the bewildering question of who owns Jim French, had two of his current or previous owners under suspension and said that a third had no owner's license and had not applied for one. Joseph A. Gimma, chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, said glumly, "There are so many unanswered things. I wish I knew what was going on."

The colt had been bred by Ralph Wilson and foaled at Leslie Combs' Spendthrift Farm in Kentucky. Wilson, who also owns professional football's Buffalo Bills, sold him—or at least a part interest in him—last year to Frank J. Caldwell, a Long Island furniture executive. Caldwell became the colt's sole apparent owner early this year.

Rumors spread that Caldwell had silent partners, none of them anxious to be front and center at any of Jim French's races. At major U.S. tracks, owners are obliged to list all partners before being granted a license. Bob Quirk, an investigator for the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, sought to question an acquaintance of Caldwell's named Robert Presli, a Long Islander

continued



Gardener digs up proof of Parker reliability

Thomas A. Lee Jr. writes from San Francisco:

"While digging in my garden this past weekend, I uncovered a Parker ink pen which I had lost somewhere in excess of three years ago. After scraping the dirt from the pen and shaking it once so the ink again began to flow, I was immediately able to write with it. The pen appears none the worse because of its 3-year interment."

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HORSE RACING continued

reportedly in the construction business. Presti is rarely seen at a track, but his niece, Tomi Menzella, has raced in Florida (where tracks are not under the TRPB umbrella), and Presti himself is said to enjoy entertaining horsemen and making his chauffeured car available to them. Says Quirk, "We invited Presti in for a talk, but he declined."

Presti's shyness increased the Jim French gossip, which bubbled over again when Caldwell proclaimed early in August that he had sold a 70% interest in the horse to Mrs. George Sarant, wife of a Long Island automobile dealer. Jim French ran in the name of Elita Sarant at Monmouth, where he finished a bad ninth in the \$100,000 Monmouth Invitational, but when the horse was shipped back to Saratoga by Campo (who had complicated his own life by falling down in a softball game and breaking a wrist and a kneecap), it was revealed by New York racing officials that Mrs. Sarant did not have a New York owner's license and apparently was not interested in applying for one. Then Campo said the Sarants, after only a few weeks of ownership, had apparently let their 70% go to Fred R. Cole, a construction executive from—yes—Long Island who was put under suspension himself for his involvement in the ownership investigation. Cole wired the stewards Friday night in an attempt to satisfy them of the legitimacy of his ownership of the horse and his eligibility to run in Saturday afternoon's Travers Stakes, but his appeal to the stewards was much too late. Suspensions or no suspensions, entries for the Travers had closed tight the morning before.

To add to the comic-opera turmoil, officers from the Saratoga County Sheriff's Office filed a writ of attachment on Jim French on behalf of the Citizens Union Bank and Trust Company of Lexington, Ky., which had reportedly loaned Caldwell \$130,000 after he had made an affidavit that he was the sole owner of Jim French. The note was presumably made with the approval of Leslie Combs, a director of the bank, who had already arranged with Caldwell to have the colt stand at stud at Spendthrift Farm after his racing days were over.

"We've got a real can of worms on our hands," mused New York Steward Francis Dunne. And it begins to appear that all of the worms have not been pulled out of the can.

END

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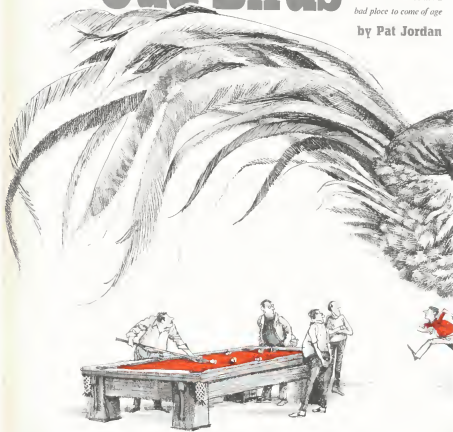
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A Clutch of Odd Birds

In the pool hall's pecking order, there was a spot for each of the town's wastrels, a niche where even a cue-room turkey felt at home. It was not a bad place to come of age

by Pat Jordan





Joe McNeill's mother used to say, there's a Mort Berger in every town, and she may have been right. But those of us who knew him in the summer of 1962 liked to think she was wrong and secretly hoped he was unique. Berger was the proprietor of the only pool hall I can ever remember seeing in our small town in Fairfield County, Conn. He was a Jew from South Philadelphia who spoke out of the side of his mouth. On windy days he stuck bobby pins in his hair, which was deep reddish brown, the color of an Irish setter's. But, at 33, he didn't have much to stick bobby pins in. To compensate, Berger let the little patch of hair at the base of his neck grow until it would reach far down his back if he let it—which he didn't. Instead, he combed it forward over his brow where he teased it into a tuft like a rooster's comb. Actually, Berger resembled a rooster more than anything. He had watery blue eyes, a pointy nose and the gently curving, bottom-heavy build of a Rhode Island Red. He waddled.

Berger's greatest fear was that a strong wind might come along and reveal his artifice. To defend against this possibility he ventured outside the pool hall as infrequently as possible. This tended to make his pale and mottled redhead's skin so opaque that veins were visible beneath it. Whenever he did appear outside he walked about with his hand flattened over the top of his head like a man who had misplaced a migraine. Finally, in desperation, he had resorted to bobby pins. It was hard for anyone, at first, to talk casually to Berger without breaking up at the sight of the bobby pins, but after a few wathing looks one learned to ignore them. The only person I ever heard question Berger about them was a college

restaurant

Odd Birds

freshman who wandered into the pool hall one day, challenged Jack the Rat to a game of dollar nine ball and then, pointing to Berger's hair, asked, "How come you got bobby pins in your head?" The place fell mute. It seemed even the skidding billiard balls froze in midflight. Berger's face took on the color of his tuft. He fixed a beady-eyed stare on the offender and said in a voice the recollection of which still sends shivers down my spine, "You, my friend, are harnished for life." The humiliation? Worse even than Kant's categorical imperative! It would have been better for the boob if Berger, yarmulke over his tuft, prayer shawl about his shoulders, had intoned the Hebrew prayers for the dead.

That moment left a deep impression on all who witnessed it. Berger had harnished most of us at one time or other, for offenses like firing a cue ball through a plate-glass window, or breaking a cue stick over the head of a \$20 loser who promised he would return the next day with the money, but never for life. The worst we had ever received were indeterminate banishments such as, "until Jack the Rat returns with coffee." But a lifetime banishment! That went contrary to the one, all-abiding dictum with which Berger governed his life: "Never hounce a potential turkey." To have broken that golden rule without the slightest hesitation forced us all to view Mort Berger in a more spiritual light. He became for us, from that moment on, a man of principle.

Berger's ambition almost from childhood was to become a hustler—cards, pool, horses, craps, etc.—so that eventually he could fulfill his dream of owning a combination bowling alley and pool hall that would cater only to families and young couples. "A place with class," he liked to say. It must have occurred to Berger somewhere along the way that Philadelphia was too large a city for his modest talents, and so he began shopping about for a nice suburban community where his meager ability would be magnified by the citizenry's naivete. He would content himself with being a big fish in a small pond or, rather, a big rooster in a small henhouse. That was why, in the spring of 1962, Mort Berger turned up in the quiet Fairfield County community. It was an affluent and virginal suburb of New York City, ripe for Morty's talents.

Berger promptly opened The Golden Stick in a neat boxlike building out on the Boston Post Road. The day before the opening he was confronted by a delegation of the town's teen-age wastrels. The group included Jack the Rat, Speedo, The Rodent, Len the Worm and Hank. Berger, perched high on a ladder outside The Stick, was swathed in white overalls and had a paintbrush in his hand. He warned the delegation below that The Stick would be "a place with class." Then he added, shaking his paintbrush in a menacing manner, "No trash is gonna be allowed inside." Looking up, Speedo was splattered with orange paint. The boys nodded at the warning and departed.

For a while Berger seemed to make an effort to be faithful to his word. The Stick did not look like one of those musty, nefarious pool halls that can be found in any big city. Outside it was painted that bright orange, and within the walls were a soft powder blue. There was a gold carpet on the floor. Berger's small office was paneled in pine and had a half-door that allowed him to follow the action around the room. The pool tables were new Brunswick models with felts of orange, gold, blue and the more traditional green. Hanging from the walls were dozens of cue sticks and an assortment of placards that warned The Stick's patrons the management would tolerate no profanity, no gambling and no minors. A minor was defined eventually as someone who had no money and/or was still being breast-fed.

On the first few days Berger stood in the doorway of The Stick, resplendent in a brown blazer with a crest of grapevines on the breast pocket, and handed out orange membership cards for the sum of \$1. Nobody could enter without one. The card informed the bearer that he was entitled to all the privileges of The Stick. Berger (or rather "the management," as he liked to refer to himself) reserved the right to revoke those privileges at any time and for any reason. Today the membership cards are considered something of a collector's item in Fairfield County. Their holders are a parochial lot, often referring to one another (much as the survivors of a great battle might) as the "originals." The originals still meet once a year, making a pilgrimage to Philadelphia, where today Mort Berger is the proud owner of his combination bowling alley and pool

hall. Joe McNeill, who purchased the first membership card, had it laminated recently.

Although Berger might honestly have concurred of The Stick as a place with class, it did not take long before it became, in fact, a hangout for the town's high school and college students, fledgling pool sharks fresh from seven viewings of *The Hustler* and assorted "trash" between the ages of 15 and 25. Day or night one could find games of stud poker, nine ball and Chicago, baseball, basketball and football betting slips; racing programs and forms from Roosevelt and Aqueduct; and three small shells under which Mort Berger would gladly place a bean that would magically disappear the moment you slapped down a dollar bill. Berger did not need a house to fall on his tuft before he realized that his conception of what The Stick should be had to be altered drastically. He stopped wearing his blazer, threw away his membership cards, rolled up his sleeves and became The Stick's chief organizer of any and all games of chance.

As a result, The Stick became crowded and boisterous, so filled with the sounds of laughter, anger, profanity and anguish that it seemed always on the verge of destroying itself with its own pent-up energy. The place was dominated by the regulars, who stood conspicuously against the walls, Knights of the Cue Stick leaning on their foils, waiting faithfully for the approach of a turkey. When one stepped through the door there was a barely audible "gobble, gobble, gobble" around the room before someone pounced on him. The turkeys seemed to enjoy the attention they received as much as anyone. It gave some of them a sense of importance, a recognition they probably would receive nowhere else in life. The \$10 or \$15 they lost daily was small price to pay for the solicitous and faithful attention of such a hustler as Speedo.

"Kwasi, where ya been? I thought you had died on me or somethin'."

"Naw, just a little cold."

"Thank God! You had me worried, Kwasi. You gotta take care of yourself, kid. Think of your friends, the people who count on you. You know, Kwasi, you can't be recklessly selfish with so many people worrying about you."

"I guess you're right, Speedo."

"Sure I am. . . . Shoot a little nine ball, Kwasi?"

"Come on Speedo, whaddya think, I'm stupid?"

"Kwase, how unfair! Just a friendly game. I'll even spot you the nine ball."

"I wouldn't shoot you if you spotted me the eight and nine."

"How about the eight, nine and break?"

"Eight, nine and break? Naw, I shouldn't."

"But Kwase, you can't just go away. I want you, baby, I need you!"

When the turkeys were rare on particular days, the regulars passed the time playing practical jokes on Berger. One day Len the Worm threw a cue ball through the television screen in front of which Berger was placidly watching the *Breakneck*; on another day Hamhoney took Berger to lunch at the nearby greasy spoon and, as he casually tossed a dead rat on the grill, turned to Berger and said, "Medium or well?" And on still another day The Rodent, in frustration over a missed shot, javelined his cue stick through the front window, almost impaling a hicory-eyed Berger, who was returning from an all-night poker session.

It is hard to say just how Berger viewed these pranks. Invariably they resulted in temporary banishment for the perpetrators, but when the big Chicago game began in the early afternoon, the exiles were readmitted.

The daily center of attention was the Chicago game played on table No. 1. In Chicago the players shoot the balls in rotation—one, two, three, etc.—and are paid only when they sink the one, five, eight, 10 or 15 balls, which are called "money balls." The player whose balls total the highest number of points also wins money.

The players in the game seldom varied, including Speedo, The Rodent, Len the Worm, Hank, Gary, Berger and myself. Speedo was so slight and baby-faced that he looked more like a fifth-grader than a high school senior. No one would ever have taken him for the consummate pool shooter he was, and this more than anything helped him assemble a faithful gaggle of turkeys, who found it inconceivable that they should lose money "to that little squirt." Speedo acquired his nickname because of the speed with which he could divest turkeys of cash and because he shot pool without taking so much as a split second to sight his shot, a tactic he had learned from Mort Berger.

Speedo was Berger's greatest admirer. He considered the proprietor a hustler of artistic proportions and studied assiduously at Berger's knee, to which he barely reached. However, Speedo lost confidence in his mentor one day when he and Berger teamed up to play a pair

of strangers in a very expensive Chicago game. Midway through the game Berger stole an eight ball from the opponents' rack and placed it in his and Speedo's rack. When this discrepancy was discovered by one of the strangers he brought it to Berger's attention by repeatedly poking the tip of his cue stick into Berger's chest. This left little blue chalk marks on Mort's white shirt and drops of perspiration on his brow. The chalk marks looked like bullet holes from a distance. Berger assumed his most smitten air—wide-eyed, open-mouthed, incredulously pointing a finger at himself—and turned to a confused Speedo and said, "Son, I told you never to do that. I run an honest game here. I have my reputation, you know."

If it were not for Berger's intervention the two strangers would have played chicken wishbone with Speedo's frail and trembling frame. As it was, they left contentedly after scooping up all his spare cash. As the door shut behind them Berger was heard whispering to Speedo, "I told you never to steal a money ball, Speedo. Steal the four or six if you need to. Nobody ever pays attention to a four or a six."

Len the Worm, another regular, was a dark, shifty-eyed youth who perpetually glanced over his shoulder as if expecting some fearful specter to tap him at any moment and lead him away to God only knew what torments. The Worm had an odd, shaky, clawlike bridge with a cue stick, and although he shot a decent enough game he seldom sank a money ball. His bridge hand would shake terribly. He would gulp in air, running his tongue over his dry and pursed lips as he bent over to sight a shot. Pool affected us all a little like that, I guess. It was more than just a game or a means to easy cash. It was for us a symbolic playing out of some inner turmoil. The confrontation was not with a \$5 money ball but with something that ball represented for each of us, some inner and complex doubt we were unable to overcome in reality, but which could be momentarily navigated by the simple act of shooting a colored plastic ball into a leather-lined pocket. It always brought short-lived success. Those inner doubts remained, undiminished, and they would reappear the moment we stepped outside of *The Stick* into what we began to refer to as "the real world." For most of us at that time,

continued



Odd Birds continued

however, success on the pool table was a satisfactory substitute. It was for Speedo, say, proof enough that despite his size and appearance he could exhibit as much tenacity and courage as any 225-pound football player.

But alas, The Worm hadn't even that meager consolation. He was a thorough loser. And whenever he did miss an easy shot, the ball hanging precariously on the lip of a pocket but refusing to fall in, The Worm would turn to his audience, his eyes flitting in their sockets like ball bearings in an empty glass, and say: "It moved, it moved! The table moved. Did you see it?" He would grab Jack the Rat's sleeve and tug it until in the end Jack nodded tiredly in agreement. "It musta been a earthquake or somethin', Jack. It musta. Why does it always happen to me?"

The Worm was particularly susceptible to the ploys of Mort Berger, who could be counted on to sneeze, squeakily chalk his stick, jingle coins in his pocket or make a sudden move as if to catch a falling cue stick, causing The Worm to miscue and send the cue ball squibbling past a money ball. The Worm became so conscious of Berger's presence that after a while Mort no longer had to make a move or a sound in order to throw off The Worm's shot.

The Rodent, so named because his face came to a point at his nose, was the worst pool shooter among us. But he could afford to be. He was immaculately dressed in Brooks Brothers button-downs and Lord Jeff crew necks and seemed to be in possession of a bankroll large enough to sustain the heaviest losses in a Chicago game. The Rodent was very status conscious. He was always working on some plan that would propel him into the public limelight. In his Stick days he even went so far as to pay some of the regulars \$10 a week just to let him hang around with them so he could learn to be "one of the boys," as he put it. The Rodent and his schemes (which included weekend trips to New York City to attend arty East Side parties where he could make himself known) were a source of amusement to The Stick regulars. However, The Rodent had the last laugh. He married a New York fashion model who earned about \$200,000 a year and was five years older than The Rodent. As proof of his elevated status in life, The Rodent returned to Fairfield County one

day, rustled up as many former Stick buddies as he could find and carted them off to his \$250,000 New Jersey estate. There he showed them his 20-room mansion, his servants and the chauffeur-driven limousine that transported him and his wife to New York City each morning. When his friends asked him just what he did for a living The Rodent looked incredulously at them and said, "You mean, work?" He chuckled. He said he was a sort of producer, although he never mentioned what sort. Then he showed them a few yellowing Leonard Lyons columns from the *New York Post* that read something like: "What handsome young Broadway producer was seen holding hands with what high-fashion model at Arthur until the wee hours of the morning?" It was hard for his friends to believe that the "handsome young Broadway producer" was The Rodent. In fact, to this day none of us can ever remember seeing or hearing of any play that he produced. Of course, to be fair, I have to admit that we always tended to think of him as "The Rodent," which surely wouldn't be how his name would appear in the credits, and so we might have missed it a few times.

I haven't seen The Rodent in almost eight years, but Hank saw him recently in Miami Beach. Hank told him I was writing a memoir about our days at The Stick, and The Rodent became hysterical. He pleaded with Hank to intercede with me. "Tell him not to use my real name," he said. "If my days at The Stick ever get publicized it'll ruin me. In New York they think I have class."

The Rodent knew that if I'd listen to anyone it would be Hank. In 1962 Hank was 17 and considered the most well-balanced and intelligent habitué of The Stick. He shot a neat, precise, left-handed game of pool and was one of the few shooters I ever remember seeing whose game improved as the bets were raised. He was Berger's "houseman," a term that meant house champion. Hank spent most of his free time in The Stick, often cutting classes at the high school he attended in favor of drifting down to help Berger dust off the tables or empty the garbage in the morning. Those of us who thought about it could never understand why a person of Hank's caliber wasted his time at The Stick. We eventually discovered that he was having trouble both at school and at home.

Finally one day he quit school, his parents threw him out of the house and that morning when I arrived at The Stick I saw Hank curled up under a blanket sleeping on the No. 8 table. He continued to sleep in The Stick for the following few weeks, thanks to Berger's generosity. To repay Berger, Hank cleaned up in the morning and generally ran The Stick until the management arrived late in the morning.

The only other regular who shot pool as well as Hank was Gary, a slight, pale 18-year-old with lank blond hair and a face completely devoid of character. His was one of those smooth, fine-featured faces with thin lips and a nose so delicate it seemed to flutter when he breathed. Gary was neatly dressed at the time, his khaki pants pressed and his longish hair watered and combed to the side. He was quiet, almost unobtrusive, and hung back in the shadows, practicing for hours by himself on a corner table. Gary never really participated in much of anything at The Stick during the first few months but seemed satisfied just to observe the action and the life around him. One day he decided that his game had improved enough to challenge me at nine ball. He shot decently for a while but then suddenly, as the pressure mounted, his game disintegrated, and even his features seemed to crumble like a plaster mask that had been cracked all along but only now was showing the fissures. After that game, which he lost, he drifted back into the shadows, practicing daily and declining offers to play anyone for money. About a month later he challenged again. I almost didn't recognize him at first. His clothes were unkempt, his hair disheveled and his handsome face had become bloated and yellowish, much as that of a man in the final stages of dissipation. The glands in his neck were swollen and so was his belly. He had lost teeth, I noticed. We played nine ball for a while, and he was so silent that just to make conversation I asked how he'd been.

Without looking up from his shot he muttered, "I'm still alive, ain't I?" I laughed at this, but he didn't. I later learned that he was not making a wisecrack but stating a fact. He had an incurable disease that should have killed him a year before. That was what accounted for his altered appearance.

Gary beat me for \$15 that second time I played him. He played a ruthless game

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Odd Birds

that almost frightened me. He opted for the riskiest shots and more often than not he made them. He eventually became, with Hank, the best "money shooter" in The Stick and, when I asked Hank what accounted for such a sudden change in his game, Hank said, "I guess shooting pool doesn't hold much pressure for someone who knows he should have died months ago."

I was the last of the regulars to arrive on the scene. I found The Stick one summer night after having spent eight hours lugging bricks and mortar up a scaffold for a mason. Inside the orange building I could hear the screech of chalked cue tips, the click of ivory balls and the crash of dollar bills fluttering to the felt—and it was music to dulled spirits. I picked up some balls and began practicing on a corner table. My hands were stiff from carrying the cement buckets, making it difficult to form a bridge through which to put the cue stick. This difficulty of mine did not go unnoticed for long and, as I fumbled about the table, a slim youth ambled over. We leaned against the wall, arms folded, and watched as I smacked the balls about with indiscriminate haste. He took careful note of my cement-stained clothes and my callused fingers. In a matter of minutes, however, I felt my cramped fingers loosen, and the stick, which I had been handling with all the grace of a hod carrier, becoming, as it always did after some shots, an extension of my arm. I did not change my awkward bridge, however, or the manner in which I was punting the billiard balls. I had spent many afternoons under conical lights in towns like Quincy, Kokomo and Keokuk, and had sent many cue balls galloping across green felt cloth in search of a hiding nine ball. In minor league baseball towns most of the games are played at night, and there are few diversions for the ball-players during the long summer afternoons. There are movies, limp blondes with strange accents and, usually, a pool hall. So I picked up pool then, as a diversion from my pitching. But as my pitching deteriorated, pool became, instead, something more.

"Shoot a little nine ball?" said the kid.

I looked up as if surprised. "For money?" I said.

"Why not?" he said with a weak smile.

"I don't know. I can't play nine ball very good."

"What kind of game can you play?"

"I don't know for sure. I haven't played much..."

"Listen, I'll play any game you want," he said

"Any game?"

"Any game."

"Chicago. Dollar a point. You spot me the six, nine and break." I smiled as I racked the balls.

Driving home later that evening I fingered the crumpled bills stuffed in my pocket. Fifteen dollars was almost as much money as I made with the mason in one day.

The following morning I put on my work clothes, grabbed my lunch bucket, kissed my wife and drove directly to The Stick. I never lugged another brick for the mason and became instead a regular of Mort Berger's emporium. Like the others, I came partly to make some easy money. Mostly I came because the excitement and easy camaraderie helped me forget, for the time, an abortive baseball career. Outside the pool hall it would come back to me, troubling and confusing me, so I found myself spending as many hours as possible within the safe bowels of The Stick. When my wife asked where I was until all hours of the night, I told her I'd begun working overtime for the mason.

In recent years I have begun to wonder whether any of us would have spent so much time at The Stick were it not

for Mort Berger. Without him The Stick would have been a dispirited place. Berger was the first adult to treat many of the regulars as equals. He introduced them to a thousand new delights: pill pool, jack-up, stud poker, Jack Daniel's whiskey, rices at the Big A and stag movies at his home. The fascination was not so much with those delights but with the manner in which they were presented. For example, Berger played pool disgracefully. He was always talking or dropping his stick when someone was shooting a money ball; he was always "accidentally" moving a money ball with his stomach or his shirt or his elbow so as to put it in a better position for his next shot; he was always stealing balls we'd made and sticking them in his rack, and generally cheating in so many ways, so outrageously, that much of our entertainment came from watching his antics and trying to catch him in some new ploy that would be the topic of our conversation for the rest of the day. To catch Berger cheating became a game with us. It gave proof of our emerging shrewdness, of our ability to know when we were being hustled.

And no one ever doubted for a moment that Mort Berger was hustling us all. We knew that he organized games of pool so as to get as many shooters as possible on a table and thus assure the management a decent day's income. We knew that he agreed to buy whis-

continued



Odd Birds continued

key so that he could charge us a \$1 "handling fee"; that he held the poker sessions at his home so he could take 25¢ out of every pot "just for the house, boys!"; that he held the stag movies so he could charge an "entertainment fee" for a film whose images flickered and faded so frequently that none of us can remember seeing a single erotic act performed on his gray walls. In short, we knew Mort Berger was using us, but we did not mind paying. Most of us were not sure whether he liked us or simply considered us reliable sources for his own gains.

"Even when you thought Berger liked you," said Hank, his reliable houseman, "you were never quite sure. He would be glad to do little favors for you that always seemed to end up helping him more than you. But there was a point at which he drew the line. The day you asked him for money was the day you ceased to exist."

Soon a debate arose among us as to whether Berger was a fool, a fraud or a genius. Most of the turkeys who lost money to him daily considered him a fool. They had no conception of the skill with which he manipulated them on the pool table. Hank and I felt Berger was more of a fraud than anything else, although we differed slightly as to just how harmless a fraud he truly was. Increasingly, I had begun to see Berger as a somewhat harmful influence on us, although I could never articulate my reasons for such a belief. Hank disagreed. "Who has Berger ever really hurt?" he would say, and I would be forced to admit that I could not cite as an example a single person, or any instance in which Berger had been truly destructive. We both did agree, however, that Berger was certainly not as shrewd as some of the more impressionable regulars, such as Speedo, believed. Speedo was Berger's Boswell. He attributed to Mori's slightest word or deed genius of the highest proportions. "Did you see that?" Speedo would whisper breathlessly as Berger misused on an easy money-ball shot. "A brilliant move by Mori Berger," he would add, shaking his head in admiration. "Typical of him, though. Typical." And when the next shooter sank that same money ball and Berger was forced to dig into his pocket, Speedo would shrug confidently and say there was a hidden purpose behind Berger's misuse that the rest of us mere mortals

could never hope to fathom. "You just wait and see," he would warn.

The principal reason for this confusion as to just who or what Mori Berger was could be attributed to the manner in which he tossed off maxims without the slightest explanation. He left them uncompleted, cloaked in mystery, little half-truths that seemed to mean more than they did. Berger left us to debate their significance without any hint as to whether they were deliberate stratagems or foolish accidents. By far the most mysterious advice he ever imparted to us emerged one day while he was regaling us with stories of the various pool halls he had frequented through the years. "If I learned one thing from those places," he said, "it was this." He paused dramatically. Speedo strained toward him as Berger continued. "Never shoot pool in a strange joint unless you go to the men's room first." And then he left us and went into his office.

"Now what do you think that is supposed to mean?" said Hank. We agreed it was an idiotic piece of advice. It was not until some time later that Hank and I learned to appreciate its hidden brilliance. We were playing in an expensive Chicago game with two beefy, unshaven adversaries in a strange pool hall in upper Fairfield County. We had already lost \$10 apiece, although we had not had to pay a cent yet. It had been agreed to settle up at the end rather than after each game. "It would be too messy tossing dollar bills on the table after each game," said Hank. I agreed. Now the situation was becoming very messy, indeed. Hank missed a shot, cursed and then came over to me. "Let's get out of this game," he said. "We're not going to beat these guys."

"We can't quit," I said.

"Why not?" he said.

"Because I don't have any money," I said.

"Oh," he said faintly and collapsed on a stool. His arms went limp, and he was muttering to himself. "They'll kill us," he kept mumbling. "They'll kill us."

I told him not to worry and get worked up. I would think of something. "Like what?" he demanded.

Then I remembered Berger's mysterious advice. "I've got it! Is there a men's room in this place?" He pointed to a door. "Listen, I'm going in there in a minute and I'll smash out the window and head for the car. After I've been

gone for about 20 seconds you follow me."

Hank brightened considerably, and then just as suddenly his brow was furrowed in gloom. "What if there's no window?" he said.

"I'll make one," I said, pointing to my cue stick. "If you hear some banging, just put on the jukebox."

There was no window, and the walls were too sturdy to bash with a cue stick. We were forced to return and continue the game, which we salvaged with a closing flourish that brought us even. Then we quit, but not before we vowed never in the future to doubt Mori Berger's wisdom.

Eventually I became thoroughly disenchanted with Berger and life at The Stick. There was a succession of small incidents, each of which compounded the previous until finally I believed Berger to be a truly harmful influence on us all. Because of the way he used us for his own gains, no matter how small they might be, we had taken it as a mark of distinction to be able to use each other in the same way. For example, when we saw how easily Berger destroyed The Worm's pool game with his little irritations, we all took a shot at The Worm in the same way. We humiliated him, really, because in destroying his game we were actually bringing to the surface his moral weakness for everyone to see. Ostensibly, we did this to win his money but I think subconsciously it gave us pleasure to watch him twitch with the pain of his inner torment. Our pleasure came from knowing that we were his superiors, that we were made of sterner stuff, that each one of us had the power to make him squirm like bait on a hook, and so he became a scapegoat through whom we reaffirmed our strength by every day exposing his weakness.

It had also begun to occur to me that Berger was a destructive influence on Hank. When Hank had been thrown out of his home by his parents, Berger encouraged him to begin sleeping in The Stick. He helped reinforce Hank's belief that his parents didn't understand him, rather than, as most adults would have done, encourage Hank to seek a reconciliation. Berger was thinking less of Hank's future or, rather, loss of future, than of The Stick's immediate gain. I could imagine Hank 20 years from then, his skin puffy and chalk-gray,

continued

Watkins Glen, New York, August 15th—Donohue and Javelin remain unbeatable. Race to 6th victory over Mustang and Camaro.

Mark Donohue and the American Motors Javelin did it again.

They won their fifth Trans-Am race in a row today, and their sixth this season.

Mustang finished in second place.

As a result of the race, the specially modified Javelin is even further in the lead for the Trans-Am championship than it was before. With a total of 64 points to Mustang's

52 and Camaro's 14.

There are now only 3 races left to go in the series (out of a total of 11 that are held during the year to test the performance abilities of American-made sporty cars), and to win the championship, the Javelin has to take only 1 out of the 3.

But knowing Donohue, he won't settle for anything less than all 3.



**If you're going to buy a sporty car,
buy one that's going places.**



Odd Birds continued

bending over a pool table to rack the balls or sweeping the previous night's dust and cigarette butts out the front door in the morning.

But these incidents in themselves would probably never have disenchanted me completely if it were not for my having been told of Gary's collapse. It had been obvious that Gary's physical condition was deteriorating rapidly. His neck and stomach would be bloated horribly one day and deflated just as horribly the next. He had grown so weak that often he had trouble shooting a cue ball with any authority. One day while he was in a nine-ball game with Len the Worm, he had difficulty straightening up from the table after bending over for a shot. After another shot he fell over backward. He was fully conscious, lying on his back, his eyes wide but unseeing.

"It was a frightening look," said Joe McNeill. "Not a look of fear or pain or anything, but one of recognition, as if Gary was finally face to face with something that had eluded him all this time, and that now he had resigned himself to. Len, Speedo and I helped him up. He said, 'I'd better go home.' We drove him there, and his mother met us at the door. She told us to help Gary over to the couch in the living room and then as we left she said, 'Thank you for bringing my son home.' He died two days later."

The day Joe McNeill told me that story was the last day I spent in The Stick. With Gary's death I finally realized that my existence there, and that of all the regulars, was self-defeating,

that it led nowhere, serving only as an escape from problems that could never be solved as long as we shut ourselves up each day inside that room. I blamed Berger partly for Gary's death. Maybe not for his actual death, but for the way he had contributed to Gary's wasting of his life. I felt that if it had not been for Berger's hypnotic influence over Gary, he would have found a more gratifying way to spend his last days rather than spilling them out over a pool table trying to hustle Len the Worm out of a \$5 bill that he would never be able to spend.

I left The Stick and enrolled in a nearby college, was graduated some five years later and became a high school English teacher. During my first year as a teacher I noticed a small story in the newspaper one day that told of the closing of The Stick. It had been shut following a raid by federal narcotics agents. By then, the late '60s, drugs had swept into Fairfield County, and it did not surprise me that The Stick had become a hangout for the town's junkies. It seemed to be just the logical extension of a pattern of existence that had been set up years before by Mort Berger. I scanned the story for his name and the names of other regulars I had known but could find none. I did not know those arrested, and I wondered what had happened to Berger. Then I put the paper down and forgot about it.

Probably I would never have thought again of Mort Berger or The Stick if I hadn't run into Hank a year ago. While browsing in a bookstore in Bridgeport, I looked up to see Hank stacking books. He was recognizable even after seven years, heavier, but with the same furrowed, serious look about him, only now it did not seem so brooding and ill-fitting on a man of 26. He recognized me also, and we began to reminisce. I told him that I was a teacher, and he said that he was in his third year of college. He had received his high school diploma while serving in the Air Force, and the government was paying for his college education. I asked him if he ever saw any of the other regulars these days. He said yes. Hambone was a certified public accountant who only occasionally drove down to the Big A to place a modest wager. Joe McNeill was engaged, and Speedo, of all people, was a responsible businessman with a wife and child. "And of course you know about

The Rodent," he said with a smile. "I guess Mort Berger would be proud of him today."

The only regular who had not turned out well, he said, was The Worm. "He's a junkie with a very bad habit," Hank said.

"I could have figured that," I said. "I read how The Stick was raided for drugs a few years ago. It's a wonder all the regulars didn't end up like The Worm what with Berger to influence us."

"Oh, Berger wasn't the owner then," said Hank. "He'd gone back to Philly. When he left, the whole place fell apart. No one had any ambition to hustle pool anymore, so they just sat back and started taking dope. That's when I joined the Air Force. If Berger had been there maybe The Stick would never have seen any drugs."

I asked him what he meant, and he told me, "Berger would never have stood for any drugs in his place. It would have hurt business. Junkies don't shoot pool, it doesn't hold any interest for them. When Berger was there he gave us all a common interest. It wasn't much of an interest, hustling pool, but it was better than some of the things we could have been doing. At the time, most of those guys were in pretty bad shape. We were messed up and needed someone like Mort Berger to keep us above water. He kept us occupied just long enough for most of us to straighten out, and those that didn't, like The Worm, well, he held them up as long as he could and when he left they just sank to their own level, that's all. But without Berger he might have gone down a lot sooner, you can bet on that."

"And what about Gary?" I said. "How did Berger help him?"

"Gary, I almost forgot about him. I don't know, unless it was that without pool and Mort Berger, Gary wouldn't have had anything to make him want to get out of bed in the morning." And as Hank spoke, it fell so neatly into place, and I realized he was right. That Mort Berger had played an important part in my life, too, and I owed him not a small debt of gratitude.

"But I don't think that Mort Berger had any idea what he was doing for us," said Hank. "I don't think he could see that far ahead. In fact, if he ever heard us talking about him like this he'd probably say we were lunatics."

And he might be right.

END



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There must be a reason

On a still, tropical evening in April 1934 the liner *Hakone Maru*, recently out of Singapore, steamed through the Malacca Strait toward Penang. Passengers mingled in the main lounge and bar after dinner, gossiping, ordering nightcaps, reading, playing cards. But lawn-tennis champion Jiro Satoh, the most celebrated Japanese sportsman of the day, confined himself to his first-class cabin, below. There, dressed in white flannels and the official blazer of his national Davis Cup team, he humbled himself before an improvised shrine. On a small table that served as an altar were a vase holding orchids, photographs of his father and fiancée, and two burning candles. A bowl of Japanese sweetsmarts was placed in the center as an offering. In the background hung the national flag of Japan, the rising sun.

On the muscular shoulders of this small chunky student of Waseda University rested all the hopes of a nation fired with new ambition in world tennis. Not since the days of the tenacious little wizard Zensho Shimizu in the early '20s had Japan been able to take pride in so gifted a tennis player. In 1932 and 1933 at Wimbledon Satoh had twice reached the semifinals of the men's singles championship. Even in that brilliant period of superlative performers, Satoh had become internationally known as a giant-killer, with victories over such champions as Fred Perry, Jack Crawford, Bunny Austin, Henri Cochet, Sidney Wood and Ellsworth Vines. Now he was bound for Europe to lead Japan against Australia in the second round of the Davis Cup and to make his fourth bid for that most coveted tennis prize, the Wimbledon crown.

Fervent Japanese nationalism, reaching a pitch of hysteria, invested Satoh's task with a responsibility that he felt himself to be incapable of bearing. He knelt ceremoniously in the solitude of his cabin, on this peaceful evening at sea, and prayed not for victory but for forgiveness. The game in his mind was already lost.

It was almost incomprehensible that such a brilliant sportsman should abandon hope in this way. Ostensibly he had every reason to cherish life. He was famous, admired, respected. He was to be married in the spring to Sanaye Okada, a beautiful Japanese girl who was also his mixed doubles partner. At 26 he was approaching the peak of his play-

Death En Route to Wimbledon

Jiro Satoh, the best tennis player Japan ever produced, found winning to preserve national honor too great a burden by JOHN COTTRELL

ing power. Moreover, there had never been a world-class tennis player of more serene temperament or a champion more popular with his rivals.

Imperturbable was the most overworked adjective in any news story about Satoh. He never questioned a decision, not even by a glance at a sideline or baseline, much less by a stare at the umpire. He had no idiosyncrasies, except that he might occasionally make a small bow to acknowledge the skill behind an opponent's winning shot. His sportsmanship was held up as the perfect example to budding young amateurs. Yet, against all reason and in complete contrast with his public image, Jiro Satoh was a deeply disturbed personality.

It was 11:30 p.m. when Satoh's cabin-mate Jiro Yamagishi retired to his bunk to find Satoh missing. Two letters placed by the improvised shrine were the only traces of the presence of the captain of Japan's Davis Cup team. One, addressed to the Davis Cup team as a whole, revealed how deeply Satoh was concerned about his health. "I would have been unable to help our team. On the contrary, I would have been a source of trouble and worry to you all. Strive your utmost to do better than I would have done. I pray and believe you will. I shall be with you on the courts in spirit." The other, addressed to the ship's captain, humbly apologized for any inconvenience and embarrassment caused by the writer's contemplated action. The letter left no doubt as to the nature of that action: Satoh was resolved to take his own life.

For the next seven hours the *Hakone Maru* retraced her course while crew members scanned the sea in the hope that Satoh might not yet have drowned. The search was in vain. Later it was discovered that two heavy iron davit-lifting handles were missing; also a skipping rope that the tennis team used for deck training. Satoh, it was presumed, had ensnared with dreadful efficiency that

his body would plummet to the bottom of the sea.

Eventually a radio message went out from the liner stating that Japan's finest tennis player and national hero was believed to have committed suicide by throwing himself overboard. It added, "On April 6, as the sun set, his friends assembled on deck to pray for his soul."

News of the suicide shocked Japan and stunned the entire tennis world. What terrible soul-searching anxiety could have driven a champion in his prime to the ultimate act of despair? It seemed so utterly out of character. In paying tribute to his skill and sportsmanship, numerous tennis stars remarked on Satoh's essentially happy nature. "He was one of the cheeriest men I have ever known," said Fred Perry. "He had a great sense of humor." "He always gave the impression that he would be the last man on earth to come to such an end," said Bunny Austin. Ryu-ki Miki, Satoh's successor as cup captain, added that "he loved jokes and making people laugh."

Were they all deceived? It seemed so. The temperamental and impulsive outbursts of other tennis stars at defeat had never been noted in him. On court Jiro Satoh had been the most inscrutable of players, his demeanor so controlled, his countenance so immobile that critics often remarked that it was virtually impossible to guess from his appearance whether he might be winning or losing. It was the same in life.

To understand the circumstances which led up to Satoh's death, one must know something of the strange times in which he lived and played. In the '30s, tennis was booming in Japan—new clubs were springing up all over the country, professional tours drawing record crowds. Yet, less than a generation before, most Japanese had never seen a standard tennis ball; they only knew the type known as "spalders" to American kids, balls of soft, uncovered rubber

continued

which needed to be hit hard and with exceptional spin to be controlled. As a result, Japan's tennis players developed an exaggerated Western grip and a looping lifted drive; even such champions as Shimeru and Takechi Harada were influenced by their boyhood use of the plain rubber ball. But Satoh belonged to the new school, whose technique was properly based on methods practiced abroad.

In 1931, on his first invasion of Europe, he reached the semifinals of the French championships, surrendering only after five hard sets to the eventual champion, Borotra. At his first Wimbledon he reached the quarterfinals before losing to the Bounding Basque again, and subsequently he created a record by winning a dozen lesser English tournaments in one season.

The untested young Japanese was the only man in the 1932 Wimbledon to progress to the quarterfinals without losing a set. In a fascinating clash of Japanese guile and American aggression, he then achieved a sensational four-set victory over the reigning champion, Sidney Wood. Satoh slumped badly in his semifinal against Austin, but two months later he avenged that defeat in the U.S. Pacific Southwest Championships by conquering Californian Ellsworth Vines, whose 128-mph cannonball service was being hailed as the most terrifying weapon in tennis history.

Satoh had won worldwide respect for Japanese tennis and made his Davis Cup team a force to be feared just as Japan was becoming recognized as a great military power. National prestige was never more fondly cherished, and men like Satoh, equipped to conquer in sport abroad, were never allowed to forget their enormous responsibility to the Emperor.

Satoh was essentially a sportsman, caring nothing for the political ambitions of the warlords, but he loved Japan with a deep-felt devotion, and in 1933 he tried again to make his country the world's leading tennis power. He abandoned his studies, and left on a world tour for the third year in succession. He beat Perry in the French championships, and again reached the Wimbledon "last four." The subsequent enthusiasm in Japan reflected the intensity and strangeness of the times there: Japan was promised a national holiday if Jiro Satoh became Wimbledon champion. That seemed to be probable even outside Japan. Each year he had

grown stronger. He was now ranked third in the world, and no one in the game could be confident of surviving against him.

One person, however, was wholly pessimistic in the midst of all this hysterical optimism, and that was Satoh himself. At Forest Hills the year before he had been off form, losing in the fourth round to the American, Gregory Mangin. Then, after his exhausting world tour, he tried to rest from tennis in 1934. He wanted an interlude of private life, to concentrate on his economics studies, and spend more time with his fiancée and his family. But the Japanese Lawn Tennis Association told him that his first duty was to his country and the Davis Cup team. Moreover, his bride-to-be was persuaded to support their firm attitude; she agreed that tennis should take priority.

So, with extreme reluctance, Satoh sailed on the *Hokone Maru* to Europe. On the way to Singapore the sea was calm, but it rained incessantly and the atmosphere was oppressive. Jiro Satoh had no appetite, complained of stomach pains and kept to his cabin—unsociable behavior for a Davis Cup captain who was also the ranking celebrity aboard. As the ship neared Singapore he was adamant that he could not go on. His teammates tried to dissuade him, but he insisted that if he did continue he would never be fit to play. It was best, he reasoned, that he should rest in Singapore and then follow in a second ship if his health improved.

Ashore, Satoh had a medical examination. The doctor certified that he could find no evidence of organic disorder and diagnosed the trouble as stomach cramps of purely nervous origin. Meanwhile, his colleagues played a friendly match and Satoh joined them at a reception afterwards. There the Japanese consul, backed up by prominent Japanese residents of Singapore, pressed him to remain with the cup squad. That same day a cable arrived from the Japanese Lawn Tennis Association insisting he complete the voyage as scheduled. Next morning the ship sailed for Penang with Satoh on board. Before midnight he was dead.

Why did Satoh commit suicide? The official view was that he was overcome by nervous depression through concern at his loss of form. Inevitably, however, the tragedy laid the Japanese Lawn Tennis Association itself wide

open to charges of unreasonably pressuring their star player.

Satoh's fiancée Sanaye Okada was interviewed, and said that Satoh hoped not to go on after the Singapore stay. She was quoted as saying: "I believe Jiro committed suicide solely from a sense of responsibility after he had acceded to the tennis association's urgings to proceed to Europe, even when he wanted to return from Singapore. To the end of my life I shall regret that it was the order of the Japanese Lawn Tennis Association that resulted in his death. Jiro was a man of honor and he played every time for the honor of Japan. . . ."

But was tennis really the reason? One piece of evidence contradicts the view that the association was to blame. There is another theory that Satoh's nervous breakdown arose principally out of a dilemma of family honor and that his Davis Cup duties were merely a contributing factor. This dilemma can be traced back to New Year's Eve 1933, when he proposed marriage to Miss Okada. She accepted, and they were to be married in the spring of 1935 after he had completed his tennis tour and graduated at Waseda University. But they faced a serious obstacle. She was an only child and, according to Japanese custom, her husband would have to take her name in marriage so that the Okada line might be preserved. Many of Satoh's relatives, equally proud of their own name, strongly objected to such a change. Satoh himself had no such objection and often joked about it to his friends. But with his acute sense of honor, one cannot accept that Satoh took the opposition of his relatives lightly. Amid all the speculation following his suicide, one pointed question remained unanswered. Could it not be that he had found himself confronted with an impossible choice—that of either offending his own family or ending his betrothal? Either way he faced dishonor. Either action, for a man of such disciplined upbringing and high principles, could have been unthinkable.

Whatever the cause, Satoh's disappearance over the ship's side into the Strait of Malacca that April night in 1934 robbed Japan of the greatest tennis player that country has yet produced. Never again has Japan had a competitor in the "last eight" of Wimbledon, much less the semifinals; never since that day has she been a Davis Cup power. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 17-23

AUTO RACING—**RICHARD PETTY**, the first stock-car driver to top the \$1 million prize in total earnings on the NASCAR circuit, became the first to reach \$200,000 in a single season when he finished second by 2.1 seconds to Bobby Allison in the 370,000 Talladega (Aug. 1) 500-mile race.

Scotland's **JACKIE STEWART**, the Formula 1 world driving champion, drove his Lola T280 Chevrolet in a two-lap test in Sotho of Savannah in the 387,000 Mobil-Otto Can-Am race at Lexington. It was Stewart's second victory in the series.

BOATING—**DR. BOB MAGGON** of Miami Beach led four men to finish to win the 180-mile Long Beach Hennessy Cup offshore powerboat race. National champion Maggon became the first ocean racer to win the three major U.S. races—the Hennessy Key West, the Hennessy Grand Prix and the Hennessy Cup—in one year.

BOXING—**VICENTE PAUL RONDON** of Venezuela retained his World Boxing Association light-heavyweight title with a unanimous 15-round decision over Eddie Jones of Los Angeles in California.

BOB JUSTIS of the World Boxing Council light-heavyweight champion, scored a third-round TKO over Norm McIntosh in a non-title bout at Miami Beach.

Former heavyweight champion **FLOYD PATTERSON** gained a unanimous 10-round decision over Vic Brown in Buffalo for his first straight win in his latest comeback.

CREW World champion **ALBERTO DEMEIO** of Argentina retained his single sculls title in the European Championships at Denmark's Lake Rungby, and then talked scullery of retiring after the 1977 Olympics. Demeio set a record of 6:57.96 on the 2,000-meter course in the final. **NEW ZEALAND** won its first Olympic title in the eight, and **WEST GERMANY** took the four, with rowers, but the rest of the gold medals (four of them) went to crews from **EAST GERMANY**.

DIVING—**CYNTHIA POTTER**, a 20-year-old senior at the University of Indiana, became the first woman to win 1954 in three titles at the National AAU outdoor championships when she took the one-, three- and 10-meter events in Bloomington. Potter, a 27-year-old All-American, finished second in two of the championships. In the men's division, **BEN BERNIKY**, "fishing madd" after losing the one-meter title to Indiana swimmer **MIKE BROWN**, took the three-meter event, while **DICK RYDZEL** of Ann Arbor, Mich., was a surprise winner in the 10-meter event.

PRO FOOTBALL—In the third week of NFL preseason games, **DAL LAS**, the Super Bowl champion, won its third straight, beating **CLEVELAND** 16-15 on Mike Clark's third field goal, a 26-yarder, and a second late in the game. **CAROL HILL**, who gained 167 yards on 28 carries, scored the Cowboys' only touchdown on an 89-yard run. **KANSAS CITY** and **MINNAPOLIS** also edged their third starters when the Chiefs walked New Orleans 25-7 and the Vikings defeated Chicago 34-14 at Reserve Quarterbacks. **BOSTON** led 22-0 yards and three touchdowns. **GEORGE BARTLE**, less than a month shy of his 44th birthday, scored two field goals (47 and 43 yards), kicked two extra points and threw a 15-yard TD pass to lead **OAKLAND** to a 20-7 win over Los Angeles. **GREEN BAY** won its first game for rookie Coach Dan Devine (Minnesota), 20-7 over Miami, as rookie Scott Hunter (Alabama) threw a touchdown pass, and rookie Dave Givens (Tulane) kicked a 27-yard field goal. **ATLANTA** also won its first game, beating Denver 27-19 on Bob Bell's two TD passes and Steve Butler's two field goals. **WASHINGTON** defeated St. Louis 20-13, while Joe DeSantis' two touchdowns and Ron Johnson's 53-yard kick-off return led **HOUSTON** to a 21-17 victory over Philadelphia. **THE NEW YORK** Jets early beat the New York Giants 27-14. **SAN FRANCISCO** took San Diego 28-13. Dennis Shaw threw two TD passes to G. Seymour as **CHICAGO** defeated New England 26-14, and **DETROIT** edged Baltimore 21-20 when Bob McElroy threw a four-yard touchdown pass to Gary Wotton on only 18 seconds to go.

GOLF—**LAURA BAUGH**, 16, of Long Beach, Calif., finished the youngest winner in the 31-year history of the U.S. Women's Amateur when she beat Beth Butler of Maine, also 16, in the final at the Atlanta Country Club.

TOM WEINKOPF made the 173 hole for a fresh record 76 to win the \$15,000 Philadelphia Club at Whitehaven, Pa., with a 14-under-par 75A, beating Dave Hef by one stroke.

HARNESS RACING—**UNE OF MAI** (37) of France, driven by Jean-Benoit Gougeon, won Fresh Yankee of Canada by a nose to win the \$125,000 International at New York's Roosevelt Racetrack (June 27).

HORSE RACING—**BOLD REASON** (34-80), Laffo Horse, won the 102nd running of the \$100,000 Travers Stakes by three-quarters of a length over West Coast Scott (June 21).

PEACE CORPS (57-30) took Pennsylvania's first \$100,000 race, the Holston Handicap on Liberty Bell Park, by 1 1/2 lengths over **SAVON** Never Best.

POCKET BILLIARDS—**MRS. DOROTHY WISE**, 36-year-old San Francisco grandmother, gained her 60th straight U.S. Women's title in Chicago, defeating Mrs. Legolas Vasquez of Cincinnati 75-37 in 24 innings.

TENNIS—**THE UNITED STATES**, led by 16-year-old Chris Evert's two straight victories, defeated Great Britain in Cleveland to retain the Wightman Cup.

YACHT 3 FIELD—**EMILE PLETTEMAN** of Belgium set a world record in the two-mile run by beating 1976 Olympic champion Ken Clark's three-year-old mark, in Baltimore.

VOLLEYBALL—**CLUBA** beat the U.S. 8-15, 15-10, 14-6, 11-6 in Havana to qualify for play in the 1977 Olympics (June 25).

WATER RING—**MIKE SUYDERHOF** of Pennsylvania, still undefeated, defended his men's overall and jumping titles in the national championships at White Sulphur Lake, Ohio. Suyderhof finished with 2,827 points out of a possible 3,000. **KIRBY McORMICK** of Independence, Mo., repeated as stroke champion, and **KRIS LIPNITZ** of California Valley Club took the victim. **LIZ ALLEN SHUTTLE** of Richmond won (the women's) event for the fourth straight year and also took the stroke and jumping titles. **CHRISTY LIND WELLS** of McCurtain, Texas won the damer.

WRESTLING—**AGREED** by **LEE ELDER**, back U.S. golfer to compete in the South African PGA championship Nov. 30-27 and to play in exhibition match against South African Gary Player on Johannesburg. Elder's lawyer told Elder agreed to visit the apartheid country only on assurance that "no endorsement of any kind" would be reflected by him, his wife, accompanying persons or any blacks visiting his tour team's play.

DENNIS Second place in the 1971 NCAA basketball championship to **VILLANOVA** for playing **MYST** Howard Foster while he was ineligible. Foster allegedly signed a pro-union pact with the AIAA Pittsburgh Courier before the tournament began.

PLACED ON PROBATION **THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA**, indefinitely, by the NCAA, for three infractions, rule violations. The NCAA also denied the appeal of a UCLA track and football star, **JAMES MALISTER**, for mistreatment of his eligibility for the 1971 season.

RESIGNED **JERRY STEELE**, 32, manager, coach and major league sportsman from the AAA's Carolina Cougars, for health reasons.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD

STEVE MATULAC of San Bruno, Calif., the Northern California 8-year-old judo champion, won the national title for 8-year-olds at an AAU-sponsored meet at Arizona State University. Only 4' tall, he defeated eight boys, all almost a foot taller.

BUR WALL, 10, of Astoria, Colo., won 100 yards for men points in her age group at four major outdoor swim meets this summer, including the Rocky Mountain AAUs where she took all six events she entered, setting meet records in three of them.

CHARLES EINHEDLER, a movie graduate of Pilgrim High in Warwick, R.I., was an unprecedented third straight high school tennis title, won named No. 1 on the all-state team for the third time and co-captained the basketball team.

GENE MINKIN of Rockville, Md., broke five world distance-running records for his age group as an 8-year-old. He ran the half mile in 2:38.7, 1,520 yards in 4:17, the mile in 5:40.8, the two mile in 12:10.2 and the three mile in 20:03.6, three mile in 30:03.6, three mile in 40:03.6, three mile in 50:03.6, three mile in 60:03.6, three mile in 70:03.6, three mile in 80:03.6, three mile in 90:03.6, three mile in 100:03.6, three mile in 110:03.6, three mile in 120:03.6, three mile in 130:03.6, three mile in 140:03.6, three mile in 150:03.6, three mile in 160:03.6, three mile in 170:03.6, three mile in 180:03.6, three mile in 190:03.6, three mile in 200:03.6, three mile in 210:03.6, three mile in 220:03.6, three mile in 230:03.6, three mile in 240:03.6, three mile in 250:03.6, three mile in 260:03.6, three mile in 270:03.6, three mile in 280:03.6, three mile in 290:03.6, three mile in 300:03.6, three mile in 310:03.6, three mile in 320:03.6, three mile in 330:03.6, three mile in 340:03.6, three mile in 350:03.6, three mile in 360:03.6, three mile in 370:03.6, three mile in 380:03.6, three mile in 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE DEFENSE RESTS

Sirs:

J. P. Heinz' literate article, *In Defense of the Sweet Science* (Aug. 16), failed to convince me of the merits of boxing. I cannot object to this sport on the grounds of esthetics, corruption or physical danger; Heinz covers these topics well, and consequently the art of pugilism comes off as looking no worse than football, baseball, hockey or any other major sport. My objection to boxing is philosophical or strategic. It is the only sport perpetrated by modern man which has as its object the physical hurt of another human being. While some other sports encompass physical contact, at times even brutal physical contact, boxing alone has no goal save the maiming of one's opponent. Football and hockey teams win by scoring more points than their opponent, a boxer wins by beating on his opponent, preferably to the point of unconsciousness.

It is this strategy that separates boxing from other sports, and it is in this aspect that Heinz does not consider in his article. It also could be an explanation of why boxing is no longer supported as it once was. Hopefully we have reached a point in time when such treatment of one human being by another is seen as less than human and ethically wrong.

JAMES B. SLATER

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

Congratulations to J. P. Heinz on his eloquent defense of boxing, a sport that is beginning, hopefully, to emerge from its beginning of a darkened era. The author's knack for comparing the happenings of today's boxing world with those of yesterday is astounding. He puts down the opposition in an undeniably brilliant use of common sense. It is unfortunate that some of the nation's legislators have not come up with arguments of this quality in response to criticism of this solid sport.

MONTE DUTTON

Clinton, S.C.

Sirs:

J. P. Heinz omits a notable aficionado from his roster of boxing buffs among the literati—P. Vergilius Maro (70 B.C.-19 B.C.), whose stirring account of an early crowd-pleaser to one Dares, a lightning warrior, and one Entellus, a fading but still hard-punching veteran, appears in Book V of the *Aeneid*.

The contest was held, under rules that might be most charitably described as pre-London prize ring, for the edification of the Trojans during a stopover on the way

from Carthage to Latium. Entellus, down early from what was officially ruled a slip, was avulsed to his feet by a friend at ringside (shades of Dempsey against Firpo) and went on to score a TKO when the boat was stopped to save Dares from further punishment.

Regrettably, Vergil was no Nat Fleischer and failed to record either the weights or the elapsed time. Nonetheless he should have been included in Mr. Heinz' list. With all due respect to Aldo Spolito, Tihono Muri, Primo Camera, Nino Benvenuti and Enzo Fiermonte, the fact is that Vergil himself may turn out to be boxing's noblest Roman of them all.

EDWARD R. CUNNINGHAM JR.

New York City

HOW HIGH THE HOMER

Sirs:

The equation provided by Dr. Berman (PROPEL, Aug. 16) is unfortunately not complete, although fairly accurate for baseballs hit out of the park. Using the notation of Dr. Berman and making the same assumptions he has about neglecting such factors as air resistance, the earth's rotation, the ball park's latitude, wind and air currents, the rotation of the ball, etc., a more exact formula would be:

$$D = \frac{d \times H}{16Xs^2} + d - \frac{d \times H}{16Xs^2} \times \frac{h-h_0}{h-h_0} + H$$

The quantity H is the height, in feet, above ground when the ball was struck by the bat.

LAURENCE G. TAY
Graduate Student
University of Rochester

Rochester, N.Y.

TOO LATE

Sirs:

I feel that an important point has been overlooked in *Grim Struggle with an Equine Killer* (Aug. 16). The tragedy caused by VEE need not have arisen in the U.S., despite "international amenities" that had to be observed regarding vaccination of Mexican stock. The still "experimental" vaccine should have been tested long ago to determine its effect on equines under controlled conditions. VEE is not new and, although U.S. restrictions on use of vaccines to prevent foreign diseases not present in the U.S. are stiff, the opportunity has presented itself over past years to test the vaccine in epidemic situations at South and Central American countries to which the U.S. has supplied vaccine. That a controlled testing program was never established is, indeed, tragic. The march of VEE northward has been clear and evident, and the need for testing has been obvious.

Had this been done, the USDA would not have been so reluctant to release the vaccine, vaccination efforts in the U.S. could have begun as soon as the threat of VEE's entry became substantiated and doubts on the part of horse owners about the safety of the vaccine would have been greatly diminished. The Texans' criticism of the USDA's efforts are joined by many, many others around the nation, and we share their anger and sorrow.

J. M. NIDDERMEIR

St. Paul

BAN THE BILL

Sirs:

There is more to be said regarding your SCORECARD item of July 26 on the poisoning of the west. Not only did rancher Van Irvine get off with the minimum fine for violating Wyoming game and fish laws, but the taxpayers of this country subsidized his operation to the tune of over \$44,000 last year. Stockmen are allowed the privilege of grazing sheep at the rate of about 12¢ per animal per month while private land leases for many times as much. The same stockmen frequently deny access of the "public land" to the public by closing the only roads to the land.

The use of these lands should be put up for bid by the government every 10 years, with sportsmen and other groups allowed to bid on land use. The successful bidder should then have to agree to make the land available to the public for recreational use and to accept the wildlife living on the public land as a part of the lease. The killing of any animal or bird in violation of state or federal game laws by the leaseholder should automatically revoke the lease. Since most state game laws do not prohibit killing coyotes and bobcats, the stockmen, without the use of poisons or traps, would be allowed to practice selective predator control at their own expense.

Legislation has been introduced in the U.S. Senate by Senator Gordon Allott of Colorado and other Western senators that would give these stockmen a "right" to the public land they use rather than the privilege of its use. The bill is S. 2028. Representative Wayne Aspinall of Colorado sponsored a similar bill in the House of Representatives, H.R. 9002.

Perhaps Van Irvine's poisoning of the eagles, and the alleged killing of even more eagles in Wyoming by the use of helicopters, will bring to the public's attention some of the abuses of the use of public land that are now going on and that will get worse if S. 2028 is passed.

MIKE JI HEN

Billings, Mont.

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

ROW ROW HAWK?

Sirs,

Let Mad Mod Ken Harrison (*Flattering Start For A Flatter Hawk*, Aug. 16) not despair over the title of "Hawk" in golf, hitherto the undisputed accolade given to Ben Hogan. Harrison is certain in time to become a "Ball Hawk," the title given to golfers who are good at finding balls in the rough.

FREDERICK M. REIDER

Laurel, Miss.

VIVA PELE

Sirs

On July 18 one of the greatest athletes of this century and one of the finest and truest of all goodwill ambassadors of sport retired from international competition, and there was not one mention of this in your magazine. I refer, of course, to Pele, the incomparable, a star on two championships Brazilian World Cup teams. Despite soccer's lack of popularity in the U.S. and Canada, you should not forget that it is the No. 1 sport in the world, and Pele stood alone in it. He set records that will never be surpassed.

Fortunately, I saw him play in Montreal, and he outdrew the Expos, who were playing against the Braves at the same time. I had never seen anyone who performed in his sport with such a high degree of skill and ease. He should be considered the athlete of the century; perhaps only Babe Ruth or Jim Thorpe played with such natural ability. How can such an athlete be ignored?

DAVID WOOD

Chateaugay, N.Y.

FOOTBALL BY THE METER

Sirs,

Obviously, Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans was being facetious in his remark about the metric system ("They Said It," Aug. 9). Third and nine sounds the same in yards or meters, and looks about the same, too. But let's consider it seriously for a moment. Here are some suggestions:

1) Make the field 90 meters long with 10-meter end zones at either end.

2) Instead of 5 1/2-yard-wide playing fields, make them an even 50 meters wide.

3) Kick off from the 30-meter line, to allow a few more runbacks on kickoffs.

There would be very little change in the overall dimensions of the field, a foot or two at most. So the switch to meters is not all that unreasonable.

R. VINCENT MCGRATH

Palos Heights, Ill.

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